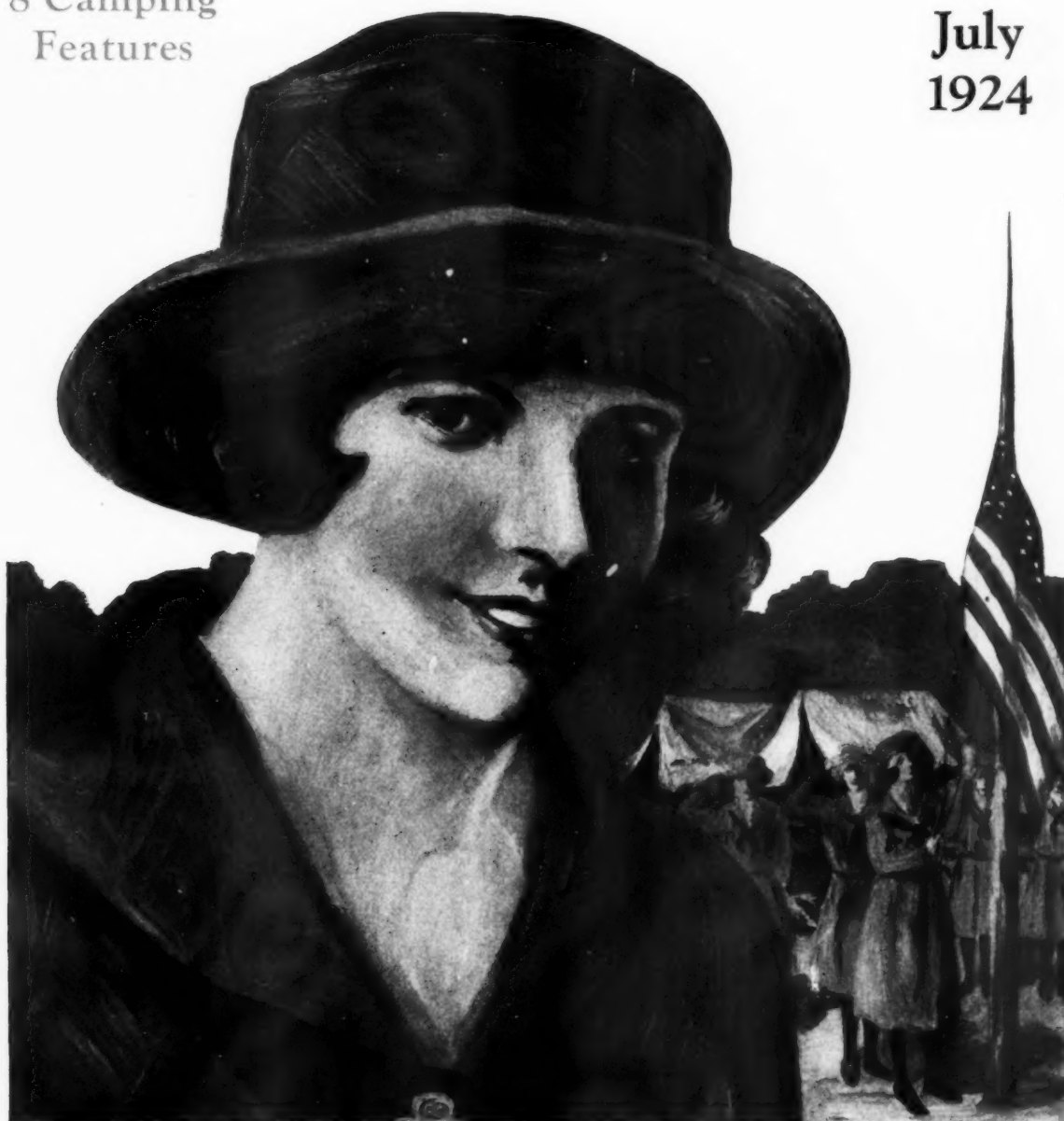


The American Girl

Published by The Girl Scouts

8 Camping
Features

July
1924



Katharine Adams Writes of Linda's Afternoon

Stories and Articles by

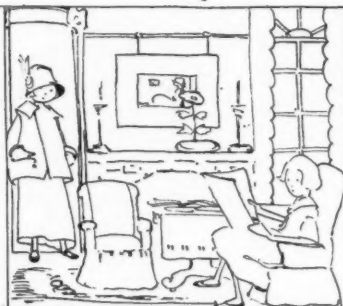
BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY COMMODORE
LONGFELLOW BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

15 Cents a Copy

\$1.50 a Year

Advertising The American Girl

By
Marion Carter
11 years old
Troop 9
Bloomfield
N.Y.



People in the Play
Girl Scout... Betty
Gay Visitor Norma
Jane { Two Girls
Irene }

SCENE: A sitting room furnished with a couch and a few chairs. In one chair sits a Girl Scout reading THE AMERICAN GIRL, a pile of them and little circulars beside her. (In walks a GAY VISITOR.)

GAY VISITOR. What are you reading?

GIRL SCOUT. THE AMERICAN GIRL.

GAY VISITOR. The what?

GIRL SCOUT. THE AMERICAN GIRL, I—

GAY VISITOR. (Cutting in.) Oh, I know that baby magazine! I wouldn't read it if I was paid to.

GIRL SCOUT. Oh, wouldn't you! Well, it's the best magazine any girl can read. It isn't any baby stuff, as you say. Why don't you try one? (Picking up one from the floor and holding it out for her to take.)

GAY VISITOR. No, I don't want to read it.

GIRL SCOUT. (Pleadingly.) But please! You don't know how good it is. Please read this.

GAY VISITOR. I said no.

GIRL SCOUT. But I want you to. (Still pleadingly.)

GAY VISITOR. (With a sigh.) Oh, all right. Let me see it. (Takes it and flings herself in a chair. Turns pages. She finally gets interested and starts to read.)

(Enter two girls known as JANE and IRENE MORGAN.)

IRENE. Will you tell me what's so interesting and let us share it?

GAY VISITOR. (Jumping up.) Oh, Irene! You don't know what an interesting magazine

THE AMERICAN GIRL is. Betty, give them each one and let them see. I can hardly wait until I finish this story. (She sits down again and begins to read. BETTY gives the other girls each one and they read.)

GAY VISITOR. Betty, forgive me for saying it was a baby magazine. It is wonderful. I shall subscribe for it myself.

BETTY. There! I knew you would like it, Norma. Will you subscribe through me?

NORMA. Of course I'll subscribe through you. As if I would subscribe through any one else! I'm going right home and get my money.

(Exit Norma)

JANE. Betty French! Whoever gave you the subscription?

BETTY. Why, my aunt who knows the Editor. She sent it to me. Why?

JANE. I want to subscribe for it and I am going to through you.

BETTY. (Softly.) Jane, you're a dear.

IRENE. (Jumping up.) Betty, I'm going to drop one of my other magazines that I was going to subscribe to and get THE AMERICAN GIRL and you shall get the credit.

BETTY. You girls are perfect dears.

(Exit IRENE and JANE)

BETTY. Oh, joy! Now I know I can get a new subscription free. It says to send in three new subscriptions and you get one free. And I'll earn my own money, too, in the Earn-Your-Own Club.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY

Dear AMERICAN GIRL

189 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I know my friends will be like Betty's. So please send me information about how I can earn my own money by securing subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Name

Address

.....



THE AMERICAN GIRL

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

Published at 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

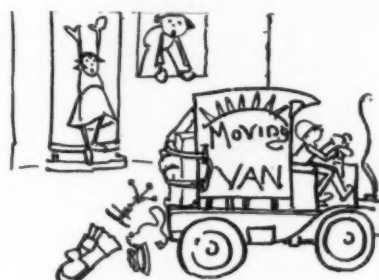
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No. 7

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Moving Day!

And in all the excitement, don't forget to send us

your new address

It would never do for you to miss that rattling good rattlesnake story in August

Rusty Meets Keema, the Rattlesnake

by EDWIN A. OSBORNE

CRASH! Down the mountainside fell Rusty, the Girl Scout. She opened her eyes. She was on a narrow ledge. If she moved, she would fall far down into the valley. Rusty looked the other way. There, just a foot from her face was a rattlesnake, coiled! Should she cry out? She did not dare. Try to move? She couldn't! This is a real adventure story with a surprise ending.

Also in August

The treasure defended, in our serial—A spider story by Vernon Kellogg—A water pageant—Puzzles—Things to make—Our Fashion Lady.

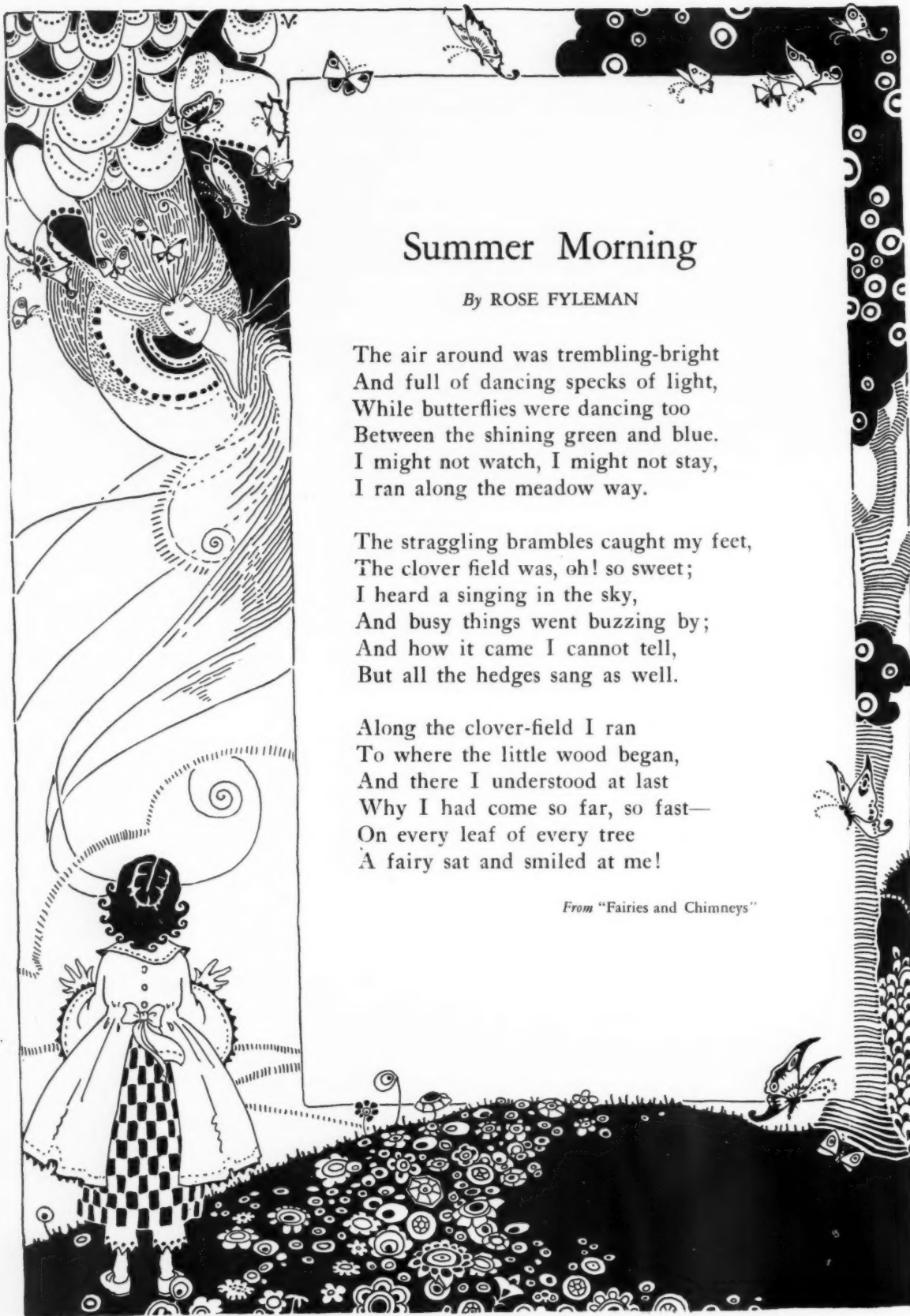
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Summer Morning

By ROSE FYLEMAN

The air around was trembling-bright
And full of dancing specks of light,
While butterflies were dancing too
Between the shining green and blue.
I might not watch, I might not stay,
I ran along the meadow way.

The straggling brambles caught my feet,
The clover field was, oh! so sweet;
I heard a singing in the sky,
And busy things went buzzing by;
And how it came I cannot tell,
But all the hedges sang as well.

Along the clover-field I ran
To where the little wood began,
And there I understood at last
Why I had come so far, so fast—
On every leaf of every tree
A fairy sat and smiled at me!

From "Fairies and Chimneys"



A friendly moon appeared and the sky was ablaze with silver twinkles before the "party" went home

LINDA MARSH was hulling strawberries for dinner, her long, uneven braid of dark hair falling over her shoulder. The strawberries were seedy and dusty, but when she had finished hulling them she only held the cracked yellow bowl which contained them for a minute under the faucet in the kitchen, poured off some of the water, and then put them in the ice-box which stood in a small room back of the kitchen.

Linda was alone in the house. When she had come in from a half hour's reading at the library, a fruitless quest for letters at the post-office, and the purchase of a copy book and two pencils at the drug store, she had found a note pinned to her jacket, on the rack in the hall. It was from Terzy McQuarter, who had been their servant when her uncle was alive, and who stayed on for her board, and because she had no other place to live. The note said, "Gone to Cora McQuarter's. She's fell and broke her collar bone. I always knew them cellar stairs would get her. Back day after tomorrow. Get Myrtle to stay with you."

Linda thought of that last line in Terzy's note, as she went about her work in the kitchen. "Get Myrtle to stay with you." She thought of the many times that Myrtle had stayed with her in the past. Once they had been alone in the house all night. They were ten at the time. Terzy had been called suddenly away, and Linda's uncle, with whom she had lived since she was a baby, had gone off to spend a few days in a neighboring

Linda's Afternoon

The story of a lonely girl to whom came something beautiful

By KATHARINE ADAMS

Illustrations by Agnes C. Lehman

town to see about his tobacco sheds. She and Myrtle had played that they were alone in a haunted castle, and had worked up a delicious thrill about it. They had enjoyed the bread and meat and cake that Terzy had left for them.

There had been so many happy times. She and Myrtle trundling their doll carriages along the main street, play-

ing paper dolls under the syringa bush for hours at a time. It all seemed so long ago. Linda sighed as she scraped the skin off a large potato. She put it with bits of skin still sticking to it into a saucepan of lukewarm water. She was too indifferent to wait until the water boiled, and when she ate it a little later as a poor accompaniment to a dish of cold baked beans left over from the night before, she said to herself that she did not care that it was soggy and unappetizing.

She ate her mid-day meal by an open window in the dining room; having set a place for herself on the broad side of a sewing machine drawn close to the window. Muslin curtains flapped in the mild breeze of a warm July day. It was a breeze which brought with it the spicy sweetness of a rose bush that trailed along the side of the house, its puffy buds tapping against the window screen. Sunlight, glancing in, gilded the shabby untidy room with glints of dancing gold. It touched Linda's white, despondent face, and brought out flashes of red in her rough dark hair.

As she ate she thought constantly of Myrtle. They had been such chums! They were fifteen now; sopho-

mores at the high school. The change had been so gradual that sometimes Linda felt as though it could not really be a change at all—yet there was a difference. It was not just Myrtle. She knew, yes, she knew well although nobody told her, that there were many good times she did not share with the others. Well, they had charming homes, good clothes, people to love them. She had only had Uncle. Now there was just sharp voiced, kindly, heedless Terzy, who dress-made, or rather made over odds and ends for the townspeople and stayed on with Linda in the faded, grey, frame house more from force of habit than anything else.

Sometimes Linda thought that she only imagined Myrtle was different. She was always cordial—even affectionate—when they were together, which was often enough. She still ran in to see Linda, and Mrs. White's cordial, "Come to supper any time, Linda," never failed. Still there was a difference somehow. So often when she dropped in at the White's she would find that Myrtle was "Out with the girls" or "They are all at the movies together." "All" would mean the addition of Lester Forest, Sam Aldridge and other boys who went with the "the crowd."

Linda would tell little fat six-year-old Benjamin White a good-night story, thinking of the times when she had "stayed in" with Myrtle to look after Benny when he had been a baby and the rest of the family had gone out of an evening. She would chat with Mrs. White and eleven-year-old Sybil, and then would walk slowly home, sit by the window in the forlorn living room, and finally go listlessly upstairs to bed.

No one had been actively unkind. She had just slipped out of things almost without realizing it. It had begun before her uncle's death, this being left out of things. The old house was hers now, but it was so out of repair and dilapidated that there was no possibility of renting it, and there was no money for improvements. There was no money at all except just enough for their scanty meals, and some of this was part of Terzy's earnings.

"It's all right, Linda. You give me a roof and I give you a bite of bread. It's fair all round," Terzy had said.

She had no pretty clothes, perhaps that was one reason. Yes, surely it must be. She had just the old ones made over and patched up by Terzy. She had no pocket money with which to enter into the simple "doings" of the others.

Linda found that it was unbearable sitting there in the sunshine, pondering the old question as to why they did not want her. What would they say if they knew how she dreamed at night of being in their midst, radiant and loved? How she wanted to be wanted, most of all by Myrtle, who had given her a candy heart once on Saint Valentine's Day with "Till Death Us Do Part" inscribed upon it—Myrtle who was proving herself to be shallow, easily lead away by those who could join in the fun!

A sudden thought made Linda jump up from her chair.

She carried the dishes out to the kitchen sink and after putting away the butter and beans, ran upstairs to her bed room. She had remembered that she met Mrs. White in the bakery the morning before and that she had said she was going to spend Saturday with her sister in a neighboring town, and that Myrtle would have to stay home and take care of Benjamin. All the time, instead of gaily enjoying some picnic or good time with the others, as Linda thought, Myrtle must be at home looking after things. Would not this hot, lazy, July afternoon be a good time to go to Myrtle in the old friendly way, and find out from her—even if it hurt—why it was that she was not asked out with the others? If only she could find the old days awaiting her at Myrtle's!

She bathed and then sat down before her bureau with its cracked looking-glass and began to comb her hair. She had made up her mind to go to Myrtle's, and was eager to be dressed and on her way. There were a number of snarls in her hair, and after a few feeble attempts to comb them out, she plaited them into a long braid, tying the end with a piece of black velvet ribbon. She went over to her bed where a clean dress lay across the coverlet. It was her blue voile which Terzy had washed the day before. Linda saw with dismay that it was blue no longer. It had faded to a lifeless gray. She gave a quick little sigh as she put it on over her head. As a matter of fact she did not greatly care. Something

was always going wrong with the few clothes which she possessed. She was so shabby anyway that she had no interest at all in keeping her few belongings in good condition.

She went over to the glass, gave a hasty glance at her reflection and then went down stairs and out through the kitchen door, running down the sagging steps and along the weedy path which led around the side of the house. She had a sudden wish for something brighter than the dreary greyness of her frock. There was a red rose bush by the front fence, and she ran to it, delighting as al-



She seemed to be searching for something, a world of wistful dreaming in her eyes

ways in its spicy loveliness. It was tall and thick, and she was sheltered from the gaze of passers-by behind its spreading richness. She often thought the rose bush was like a gorgeous barbaric queen flaunting her beauty against the bleak shabbiness of the house.

She pulled at a low branch, breaking several thin sprays. Just as she did so she heard lagging foot steps, and then the emphatic voice of Cissy Holmes, the leader of the crowd from which she stood apart.

"She's so sloppy, Marge dear." Marjorie Leonard was Cissy's chum. "It's not that she's poor; she can't

(Continued on page 24)

A Patriot Maid

By EMILIE BENSON
and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Illustrations by Edith Ballinger Price

In this installment—what a disagreeable neighbor leaves on Susan's hands

So far in our Serial

WHO is the heroine? Susan Breakfasts Donne who is herself the Patriot Maid. When did she live? In stirring Colonial days. What makes her story so exciting? The fact that Susan, fourteen years old, is left alone on her grandfather's farm because her grandparents are called away. The fact that the nearest neighbors, the Allens, are unfriendly and that the enemy Hessians may invade the countryside, any day. The fact that disagreeable Master Allen seizes this time to repay in coin a debt he owes to Susan's grandfather. And Susan soon realizes that the Hessians search for coin first of all, in their plundering. What happens next is told here.

IV

"What mean you, sir?" Susan Breakfasts faltered, gazing at Master Allen with the alarm any mention of the Hessians gave rise to apparent in her face. Ere he answered she had recalled to mind Gilly Martin's story about his uncle at Middletown and did not need to hear him out.

"I mean you'd better hide that lump of money," Master Allen replied. "The Hessians are out in force; and although I am safe, being loyal to the King, the politics of your family might endanger yonder store."

Susan Breakfasts looked at him with honest scorn, reading him now as if he had been a horn-book. So that was why he was so anxious to pay his debt! Alexander had run home with Gilly Martin's tale of the useless protection from General Howe and his father, taking alarm, had decided on the instant to reduce his store of ready money and thus run less risk. He would rather the Hessians took her grandfather's coin than his, and she, being easily gulled, had lent herself to his plot.

"Let me have that receipt a moment, sir," she said.

"Not I!" Master Allen's fingers closed on it the tighter. "Twill have no value to the Hessians, while it frees me of an irksome debt."

"Should it not be dated?" Susan Breakfasts leant forward as if to look. "But doubtless you can add the day yourself, sir."

"Nay, it should all be wrote in your hand," Master



Susan made a pile of the money bags, seating her old Dutch doll on them

Allen replied, glancing down at the paper anxiously, "and assuredly it requireth the date. An' I give it into your grasp do you promise faithfully not to destroy it but to pass it safe back to me again?"

"You have paid my grandfather, be sure you shall have your quittance," Susan Breakfasts answered steadily, and he gave her the paper albeit unwillingly.

At once she bent over it to hide the gleam in her eye and wrote in haste after Master Allen's name: "because he was scared of Heshuns," adding the missing date. The man took the paper and read the addition she had made, his face turning purple until she thought the veins would burst. Then he made one angry step toward her with his hand upraised; but she stood her ground.

"I'm not afraid of you, Master Allen," she said. "Nor of the Hessians either. They shan't get this money even if you tell them it is here and send them to search for it." And strange as it may seem for so timid a girl, at that moment she felt no fear.

Master Allen stared at her, his face drawn with anger, then he swung on his heel preparatory to seeking his horse which he had left tethered in the shade behind the house.

"Such is the gratitude one gets from these rebels for a kindly action," he muttered. "It was in no way needful for me to warn you that Hessians were in this neighborhood."

"No, for I knew it already," Susan Breakfasts agreed, as she closed the door after him, forgetting entirely the parting curtsy that was his due.

Alone with the money she was much less brave and for all her bold words felt sorely afraid of the Hessians.

She tried to lift the bags and at once decided it would be wiser to make smaller parcels of the coins. This she accomplished readily enough, using the old linen covers for sausage-meat as bags and putting just enough in each to make them easily handled.

Next she tended the beasts and turned even the chickens loose. After some thought she coaxed Porky into the cover of the woods. It might be that her grandfather could never find him again, but there was a chance he would be able to, and at least, should the Hessians come on the morrow as Master Allen had hinted, the pig's fate was assured.

Having done her best for the animals left in her care, her mind turned again to the money. With something of such value at stake in this game of "hot-buttered-blue-beans" she must be sure she hid the treasure wisely and well, which from all accounts was not so easy to do.

Each way she looked she saw possible places of concealment which would have served well in a childish game, only to dismiss them as unsafe when she matched them against these foreigners' thoroughness when on the search for plunder.

The corn-crib? At Quibbletown, the Hessians had taken both the corn and the goods concealed beneath it.

The haymows? Nay, the enemies' long bayonets and swords would probe the haymows from side to side.

Her mattress? Her grandfather had said the fat Hessians liked to lie soft and had left the people of Hopewell naught to put between them and the bare boards.

Under the bricks of the hearth? Her mother had written that poor Jem Watson, the blind man who wove their rush baskets for them, had hid his little store of coppers safe for years under a loose brick. Hearing of the Hessians he had been at pains to set this solid and fill in the cracks with earth and ashes; yet they had searched it out. And his neighbor, cross old Dame Transome who kept the little sweet-shop, had stowed her all beneath a cabbage stalk, thinking that if any disturbance of the ground were noticeable it would be laid to her cutting the cabbage. But her shrewdness had availed her naught, for the Hessians had gone to the spot as if like hounds with noses for a fox. And they had smelled her coin where it lay in the ground.

In fine every possible place of concealment that came to Susan Breakfasts' mind seemed to bring with it a story of Hessians or Waldeckers having made, as if by instinct, to just such a spot.

That night she took the kitten and the money up to bed with her but had the enemy come in the morning she would have had no plan ready to outwit them.

Young though she was and tired by her unusual exertions, Susan Breakfasts slept ill under her responsibilities and awakened at dawn to find the sky rose-tinted with the promise of a perfect day. Everything was quiet and peaceful, and by the time she was dressed the first drowsy notes of the birds had changed to the more piercing sweetness of their morning song. Her waking thought had been for the money. There the bags lay and she made a little pile of them in one corner seating her old, battered Dutch doll on them as on a throne.

"Perchance, an' the Hessians come, they will take them to be but childish playthings," she said to herself, although in her heart was no real hope of such a happy outcome.

She locked the house and, warned by her previous experience, carried the key with her when she went to seek Daisy, finding the cow

as she had expected at the bars waiting for milking-time.

Susan Breakfasts, consumed by anxiety about the heavy coins she could not take hither and yon with her, milked in haste and poured most of the good rich milk out upon the ground. Tabby and she needed but little to carry them through to the next milking, and too abundant a supply would betray the possession of a cow. Moreover Porky, who had formerly consumed a large share of the skim milk, was now in the woods, where he would be forced to find his own food.

The day wore through without incident or alarm, as did the following day. Susan Breakfasts had fallen into the habit of her work and, losing the sense of strangeness, had almost ceased to feel lonely. Moreover she had begun to hope that the tale of Hessians had been but a piece of malice on the part of Master Allen, when returning from her milking one morning, she heard a sound of frantic knocking at the farm house. Hiding her pail she crept forward in the shelter of the bushes. To her surprise it was a boy who was beating with both hands on a door of the shed that sheltered the beehives through the winter and blubbing as he pounded.

It was full time that the bees were moved out into the orchard; but spring had come with unexpected suddenness and her grandfather had been called away ere he had attended to them so they were still in their winter quarters, which, however, stood open on the far side from the visitor.

Susan Breakfasts broke into a run at sight of the lad.

"Give over that pounding!" she cried excitedly. "You will have all the bees out upon you. They are fierce black bees and can sting a

(Cont. on p. 34)



Blubbing, he pounded and cried, "The Hessians have set the torch to our house. I want to hide"

Her First Night in Camp

Have you ever felt like Bridgit in this out-doorsy camp story written by a Girl Scout Leader and illustrated by a Girl Scout?

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

Illustrations by Caroline Spalding, Troop 7, Montclair, New Jersey

ALL winter Bridgit had been struggling to keep up with her Scout work. It had been difficult, what with school and Bobbie getting teeth, and helping Mother; but Bridgit had held on; held on because she loved it and felt, instinctively, that it helped her with the rest of a pretty barren life.

Miss Ames, Bridgit's Leader, talked a great deal about all the "beautiful things of nature," that were right around one, every day, everywhere and Bridgit had honestly tried to find them. But in the narrow, dark street, in three very dark rooms, there didn't seem to be many beautiful things of nature.

However today! Today was going to be different. Today was the beginning of a new life. A life that was to last two long weeks, and which was to be spent in camp!

Bridgit felt she couldn't be thankful enough to the wonderful man who had made all these things possible. Mr. Richards wouldn't have seemed very wonderful to any one else. He was old, cross, and very hard to please. Bridgit had read to him evenings, had swept his room Saturdays, and brought him his newspaper every morning before school, for nine whole months. That was how the beautiful, clean ten dollar bill was safely pinned inside her middy, with her railroad ticket; and her board paid for the first week in camp.

To be sure Mr. Richards had given her the most awful scolding when she told him she would be away two weeks; but while he was grumbling he had been hunting through his books and when Bridgit finally gave up trying to explain that her mother would look after him in her absence, he had shouted to her to "get out and take this book with you!" and fairly thrown it at her feet. The book turned out to be a wonderful one about birds and flowers and trees. Bridgit had read it all that night, instead of getting her bag packed.

Now she was ready! Mrs. O'Hallaran on the first floor, had lent her a suit case. Mrs. O'Grady on the second floor, back, had made her a new khaki middy, sewing on it "between times." Tony had shined her shoes so you could almost see yourself in them, and given her a brush and his most precious oily rag, to keep them shiny in camp. Every one in the house had been in to help and now it was time to go. Bridgit's mother had grave doubts about camp, and (to tell the honest truth), Bridgit had too! The only country she had ever seen was Greenwood Cemetery; she had very vague ideas about tents and when she thought of the "beauties of nature" being all about her, she felt more doubtful still. Some one had said once that there were cows in the country, that did not always care about little girls. Bridgit wondered if cross cows were part of the "beauties of nature."

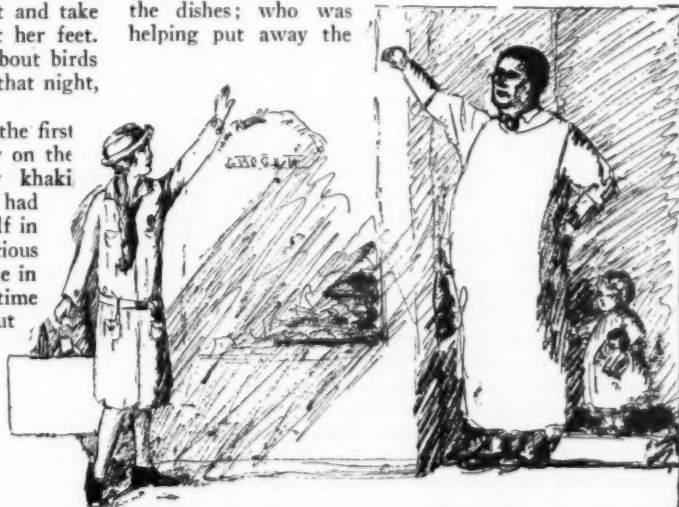
Her mother laid aside her iron to walk to

the car; Tony closed his stand to carry her bag; in fact they were quite a procession; it was a real happening in Arch Street—Bridgit going to camp. She was a great favorite "on the block" and it turned out to bid her God-Speed.

A last hug, a great deal of waving, and Bridgit was off on the first part of her journey. Everything was a confused jumble in Bridgit's mind, from the time the car started, and the little group on the corner of Arch Street melted out of sight, until she found herself—rather breathless from climbing a hill with her suit case—standing in the middle of a tent.

The other girls were strangers to Bridgit, but that didn't matter, they were Girl Scouts, all of them and Bridgit was relieved to find that only two, out of the six girls, had ever been to camp before; she wasn't so very different after all. They made short work of electing their patrol leader and voted to unpack and make their beds before dark and choose their patrol name later. They were no sooner settled, than a bugle sounded somewhere. The counselor came to the tent to see if they were all right and tell them that the bugle meant ten minutes to wash faces and hands before supper. After making a rather hurried toilet, Bridgit found herself standing on one side of a long narrow table, while a hundred Scouts sang lustily "Strap your pack to your back, with a sandwich for a snack!"

Bridgit enjoyed her supper; at least she enjoyed the singing and hearing the girls talk, but she wasn't awfully hungry—because—she quite suddenly wondered who was helping mother with the dishes; who was helping put away the



A great deal of waving and Bridgit was off on the first part of her journey

unfinished wash. She was beginning to feel very low in her mind when some one blew a whistle; instantly there was silence and Bridgit saw a big cheery looking young girl standing at the end of the room.

"Camp Chief" whispered the girl next to Bridgit. The Chief asked them all to turn around so they could both see and hear her, then she told them how glad she was to see them in camp, because she knew how much they were going to enjoy the life in the open. She spoke about their families, how she was sure they were glad to have their daughters in camp, and she told of the many wonderful ideas they could take home to their mothers; ideas of helpfulness, of beauty and of cheerfulness after their long holiday in camp. Then she spoke of tomorrow and all the happy, succeeding tomorrows; what good times they were going to have, with the lake to swim in, the hills to climb, learning to know the wild flowers and the birds. Then she said that life in camp could not be all play, that there was always work to be done, but that she was going to show them a way of doing that work, so it would seem easy and fun, and said that right then she needed four wood Scouts, for the evening camp-fire, and she picked out Bridgit, as one of the four. They all ran helter skelter down to the lake to find a place to light the fire.

In the excitement of gathering the wood and getting the fire going, Bridgit forgot to be gloomy, and it was not until they were all sitting around the cheerful blaze and it grew slowly dark, that she began to feel an awful lump settling on her chest. The trees that had been so green and wonderful in the light, seemed dark and menacing, the wind that felt so cool after the hot city, blew with an odd whistling sound, the lake that had glistened like a rainbow in the slanting rays of the setting sun, now looked black and cold. Bridgit shuddered at the thought of going into it. Some one said that there were fish in the lake. Fish!! Her knowledge of fish was confined to Mr. Grahams store, where they reposed on slabs of ice or marble, looking inoffensive; but swimming around one, alive! Did they bite? Worse than all of these, however, were the strange noises, on every side and the bugs that bumped into her and had sticky feet.

Singing Taps didn't make things any better and it was a thoroughly miserable and frightened Bridgit that undressed hurriedly, said a few tearful prayers and crept in under the blankets. The bugle sounded far off and uncertain and as the last notes died on the evening air, Bridgit gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears.

How long she cried, she couldn't tell, but on being obliged to take her head out from under the blankets to breathe, she thought the tent did not seem quite so dark. Then to her surprise, she heard a soft whispering voice close beside her.

"Hush," said the voice. "You mustn't cry like that, there is nothing to cry about; listen—I am the Shad Bush just outside your tent, my branches are touching the side. Can you hear them, little city child?"

"Yes," whispered Bridgit, "don't go away, will you?" The Shad Bush laughed, a soft little leafy laugh. "I can't go away," she said, "My roots hold me." Just then Bridgit heard a new sound, a gentle cool little sigh.

"West Wind," said the Shad Bush, "go inside the tent and blow gently over the little city girl; she has been crying with her head under the blankets; go in and cool her off." Bridgit felt a little soft breath of air fan her hot cheeks and lift the damp hair from her temples.

"You were afraid of me down by the lake," said the West Wind, ruffling Bridgit's petticoat and stockings which were on a stool by her cot. "Why was that?"

"I don't know,"

said Bridgit, softly, "I won't be again."

"Here come the Fireflies," whispered the Shad Bush, tapping gently on the tent, "Look out and you will see them, Bridgit."

Bridgit turned over and looked out of the open flap of her tent, right at the head of her cot.

"Oh," she almost cried out loud, but remembered just in time that she was not alone. "How pretty!" for the whole wood behind the tent was alight. "Are they electric?"

"No, indeed," the Shad Bush laughed softly; then she called. "Fireflies! come, there is a little city Scout in this tent. Show her your lights." Bridgit watched eagerly, but could see nothing unusual. "Look at the top of your tent," said a buzzy voice. Bridgit turned on her back and looked up. The air seemed full of tiny lights, flashing on and off.

"Are they bugs?" asked Bridgit.

"Yes," said the Shad Bush. "Will you be afraid of them again?"

"Never" said Bridgit firmly. The words were hardly out of her mouth when she heard the strangest hoarse gulp; it made her jump so that she almost forgot her brave promise.

"Don't jump like that," said a thick voice from the foot of the cot. "You almost threw me off on my back on the floor. I hate to be on my back, one is so helpless."

"I am sorry," said Bridgit, "but what was that noise?"

"That was Bull Frog saying 'how-do-you-do,' and I am June Bug. Put out your hand, Bridgit." Bridgit, not without strong misgivings, put out her hand and felt something crawling slowly, with sticky feet, up her finger. She wanted to cry out and pull her hand away, but at that minute a firefly lighted on her hand, too,

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*Good night, little city girl, go to sleep
Your friends of the nature-world, watch will keep*



Photograph from our Binghamton Camp

More Campers I Have Known

Miss Price is the camp friend of every Girl Scout for she is head of our own National Camping Department. She is always happy when you write her about your camp or when you ask her your camp questions

By LOUISE M. PRICE

ONE of the finest times I ever had in my life I had on a camping trip in northern Minnesota. It was a deep woods camp only eight miles from the Canadian border, situated on a portage between two lovely lakes. It was there I greeted "Old Explorer," as they call her. She met us on the roadside the day we arrived in camp—a drizzly, rainy day, the kind of disappointing day that sometimes discourages campers. "Oh, it's lovely having you here. Your tent isn't up yet, but that doesn't matter. You are here in time to see how it's done in the north woods!" There is a leader! No wonder they called her "Old Explorer."

We caught her spirit and the rainy camp was fairyland. It is great sport to go off for an overnight canoe trip in that camp, paddling across one lake, then portaging for a quarter of a mile and paddling across another, cooking supper, and spending the night on bough beds, being one of two girls to take turn at the watch, keeping the camp-fire burning and looking out for bears and such like during the night. Sixteen girls went off at one time, I remember, on such a jaunt, and the next afternoon when they arrived in camp on time at two o'clock, floating in with their canoes all parallel and their paddles up in the air, they were met by a pirate band of stay-at-homes who recounted in song their adventures during the time the crowd had been gone. That was a fun-loving, rollicking crew, headed by the "Old Explorer!"

Another afternoon she took us all down to the side of Moss Lake by an old beaver dam and there we sat, not moving, scattered and silent—absolutely silent for half an hour or so as the daylight faded from the lake. We were looking for the deer which foresters reported having seen near that lake, and though we saw no deer, we did see lovely changing shadows and wonderful colorings and heard as well as saw mallards, loons, blue jays and squirrels at their ease. It is a refreshing experience to sit quiet for half an hour and let the beauties of a landscape become part of us.

Regina also came from northern Minnesota. She was

sixteen and was as fine an out-of-door Scout as I have met in a long time! She could do well almost anything connected with the open for she had taken first hand lessons from her father who was head of the state forest rangers in that part of the country. There was a certain fleetness and lightness and simplicity about her that made you know her a wood's creature. She was reliable and responsible and yet took nothing "hard." Some folk you know take the joy out of life by forgetting the game of it! Well, Regina was not that kind. In camp she belonged to a rollicking patrol which called themselves "The Seven Axemen of Paul Bunyan." I have never seen a better patrol for co-operation and spirit. Their sense of humor lightened what might have been heavy work for other campers.

Each task soon came to have its own story—for Paul Bunyan and his seven Axemen are given to exaggerated tales of their adventures! (Paul Bunyan, you know, is a mythical lumber jack who stepped over to Minnesota one day, after he had "logged off" Maine.) This patrol appeared with Paul Bunyan's butter spreader at noon one day and what do you think it was? They had shaved a broken, old canoe paddle until it was the shape of a butter knife! Of course they sang a "ballad" recounting their adventures as they presented the camp chief with their token.

In another part of the country I knew "Bee," the "wood-choppin'ist" Scout I ever saw. Where she had acquired the knack of splitting an eight inch log I never knew, but early in the morning when other campers were just crawling out from between the "kivers," you could hear "Bee" swinging her axe. She had probably learned it on her grandfather's farm. Anyway, she got a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that she could do it "just so." Of course, woodchopping was not Bee's only accomplishment. She was quite athletic and a very good sport in other ways. Her troop captain described her as "vivacious but likely to be a bit 'rambunctious' and

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Try This New Flower Finder Plan

Here is a new plan for our Flower Finder badge. Try it this summer, then write us how you have enjoyed it

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Our Girl Scout Naturalist

NEW plans for our Nature work! Yes, that is what we are making for you. New plans for our Flower Finder Badge, new plans for a Bird Finder (a better name than Bird Hunter, is it not?), new plans for a Tree Finder and ever so many others. But since it takes time to make these new plans carefully, I am giving you here those which have already been completed for the Flower Finder. Next month, I shall hope to give you others of these new plans.

"But what about the Flower Finder requirements in the Handbook?" one of you asks. "Shall we do these, too?" For the summer, you are to take your choice of the Flower Finder badge as given in the Handbook and the Flower Finder badge as given here. With this important change in the Handbook requirements: *Do not make a collection of the wild flowers as directed.* Girl Scouts will no longer make such collections. Substitute for the making of the collection, the drawing of pictures of the fifty wild flowers, coloring your pictures with crayons or water colors. Or take snapshots of the flowers. But do not make collections. This is a permanent change in the Flower Finder requirements.

We wish, however, that as many Girl Scouts as possible may try the new requirements for the Flower Finder as given here. We ask you to try them because of the new Nature plans which we are making. And we hope that, next fall, after you and many other Scouts have tried these new plans, you will write to me, in care of National Headquarters, telling me what you did for this new Flower Finder Badge and just how you have liked it.

For with this, as with all new Girl Scout plans, we wish to know what our girls and their leaders think of them before we make them a permanent part of our Proficiency Badge requirements. I, myself, shall spend the summer in Girl Scout camps, trying the new plans. And by next fall, we should all have a great deal to tell each other about them.

You, a Flower Finder

Have you, too, always loved the wild flowers, wishing that you might know them by name and something more of their life stories? This summer is your opportunity and you will soon find what truly interesting things plants are. For they are *living* things. Living in just the same way that you and I are.

And now we are to know our Nature friends in a new

and different way from merely "identifying" them. We are to know where they live, how they live, and their interesting everyday ways. Our own friends mean far more to us than girls who wear a certain color of tam or a certain kind of sweater. And, if our eyes become true "observers," our flower friends will mean more to us, as well. We often think, for instance, that plants are stationary things which never can move about. Yet they do move, even though it may seem to us a very slow pace. The shoot which springs up this year is not where last year's stalk grew. The lily bulbs in the border are forever advancing. The iris bed marches at a rapid pace so that we must dig them up every few years else they would take possession of our entire garden. It is interesting to watch the great strides which the berry vines take as they throw out their little sprays, often many feet in length, which droop to the ground and send down roots thus starting a new plant far from the parent.

The familiar "runaways," such as chickery, oyster-plant, oxalis, grape-hyacinth and many others, have slipped out of our cultivated gardens and now run wild in fields and meadows until we count them among our wild flowers.

Nor is it enough that plants should wander about home. They are real travelers and the many schemes which they have developed to aid them in their "wanderlust" will well repay your study. Indeed, their devices for travel are in many plants so successful that they have found their way all around the world. As you travel, you will

meet friends wherever you go.

There are the "flyers." We love to see the summer air filled with their silken sails. To lie on our backs and watch the dandelion, milkweed, thistle, or cottonwood ships sail overhead is enough to set us dreaming and

building castles in the air. Perhaps a sudden cannonading will bring us back to earth and we discover that we are resting on a colony of violet or oxalis plants. Tiny seed bullets are being hurled about in the greatest confusion amid the snap of living cannon. Or, it may be that the woods ring



*"I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one"*

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

with the sharp snap of the paradise, witch hazel, or datura pods.

We know all too well the host of tricksters that use our coats, our socks, our skirts, or knickers to steal a ride, caring not where they are carried so long as they get away from home and have a chance to establish themselves in a new locality.

Beside these travelers, you will meet the jolly "rollers" and the "tumblers," the "swimmers" and that goodly company of seeds and fruits and berries which lure all of the animals and birds, as well as ourselves, by their tasty pulp and oily nuts.

If we go into any woodland and begin to note the many kinds of plants living there, we are struck by their great variety and the fact that they all somehow seem to fit in together. There are, for example, the tiny creeping plants growing close to the ground, thriving in the shade of the taller plants above them. Then there are the plants which grow a foot or two high and then above these, the higher shrubs, and above them all, the tall trees which lift their tops into the sunshine. In these stalwart supports, the weak vines crawl and they, too, rise above the shadows and into the sun.

Again, if we go into the heated desert, we shall see how the plant dwellers have reduced their leaves or lost them entirely. They have put on protecting scales or layers of hollow hair-like felt and have armed themselves with sharp spikes to keep away their animal enemies.

After we have seen plants in many different places and in many different conditions, it begins to dawn upon us that plants are, after all, like modeler's clay shaped in many different forms and planned to live in many different ways. They have established themselves in communities quite like our villages and cities. More than this, they fit themselves to the needs of their neighbors so that light and food may be shared by each in a co-operative way. It will be very interesting to you to study such plant communities on the sea shore, in the ocean or lake or pond, in the meadows, in the desert or on the mountain tops.

To become a Flower Finder

It may be well now to explain just what one would be expected to do and to know in order to earn the distinction of Flower Finder, according to our new plan, to be tried out this summer. There are six such requirements as follows:

1. Get acquainted with at least fifty wild flowers, so that you will be able to identify them in the field or in the troop collection, or describe them sufficiently well to the examiner.

2. Make a close study of twenty plants. Be able to tell something about their life history, where they grow,



Every Girl Scout's Wild Flower Promise

I Promise

Not to pick wild flowers in quantity unless weedy and abundant;

Not to pick more than one out of five from other groups so as to leave plenty to go to seed;

Not to pull them up by the roots unless weedy;

To cut woody stems and not tear or break them off;

Not to set careless fires in woods or fields;

Not to pick flowers or break plants in parks.

Enjoy, not destroy, the wild flowers

when they bloom, their fruits, where they range over the United States, and all you can learn about them. Your note book should contain drawings, photographs, or prints that you have made or collected. Your notes should cover as many of the above points as possible. Your list of twenty plants should be made up from those growing in different places, such as in the meadows, in the water, in the forest, along the lakes or streams, on the hill-sides, and in the mountains.

3. Be able to name and identify (other than those above) three plants which are poisonous; three plants which are good to eat. (Of these last, what parts are good to eat, and how are they prepared.) Name and be able to identify three kinds of edible fruits. Also know three medicinal plants of your neighborhood, and tell what they are good for and how to make use of them.

4. Find out what plants in your neighborhood are in danger of extinction. Be able to show that you have done something to protect them in particular and also that you have joined in the work of conserving those flowers which are not a menace to the farmer and gardener.

5. Demonstrate the correct way of picking garden flowers and those wild flowers which may be picked in limited quantities. Also be ready to demonstrate the proper way of arranging flowers for home decorating.

6. Learn the various parts of the plant and the flower and be able to explain what these parts do in the life work of the plant.

How to go to work to prepare for your test

In the first place you will have to try to learn and remember all you can about plants in order that you may the more fully enjoy them whenever you see them. You will, of course, not study them just to get the information, to show off your knowledge to your friends or to pass the test. You should get all the fun out of the work you can, and not allow it to become irksome.

In the second place, you should use every opportunity you have to do the work. Help get together a troop or camp collection. Keep your eyes open on all your outings. Talk over your finds with your friends, both at home and with fellow Scouts who are working for the Flower Finder credit and with the troop leaders. Read the books given in the list as much as you can and take as many notes as you can. By using all of these means you will soon see that it is not so hard to do the work as you might suppose.

In the third place, make good use of the pages in the loose leaf note book which goes along with these suggestions. Study the questions in the "Outline for Plant Supply," and the diagrams for the parts of the flower. There is

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"Neptune Says—"

Introducing our new Swimming Page and its director, Commodore Longfellow of the American Red Cross Life Saving Service

WHO is "Neptune?" His real name is Commodore W. E. Longfellow and he has a very long and important title which is, "Associate National Director of the Life Saving Service, American Red Cross." A title which, being translated, means, "A friend of the Girl Scouts, always ready to help them with swimming plans." Many of us already know him for he has visited and given Life Saving demonstrations in all but five states in the United States, from the icy waters of Eastport Harbor, Maine, to the bonnie Gulf of Mexico, from the summery beaches of Key West, Florida, to Corpus Christi, Texas, from the cold waters of Puget Sound at Bellingham, Washington to the harbor of San Diego and the sea at La Jolla, California, and from Duluth, Minnesota, all the way down the Mississippi Valley to New Orleans and Bay St. Louis, Louisiana.

In 1920, he was called to Hawaii to give Life Saving demonstrations on three islands, Oahu, Maui, and Hawaii. He has worked with the Girl Scouts wherever he has found them. And ten years ago, he instructed Girl Scout Captains in first aid, life saving and camp cookery on hikes outside of Savannah. One of these very Captains is now Local Director in Savannah, the home city of Mrs. Juliette Low, our founder.

Why is the Commodore "Neptune" to us? Because it is as Neptune that he appears in the many water pageants which he gives during the summer. It was when the splendid new swimming pool was dedicated at Washington University in St. Louis that he originated the part of Neptune in his pageant, "Showing Neptune." And it was then that he learned why Neptune always enters the water feet first. The tradition has a reason behind it. You simply cannot dive and wear a crown at the same time!

He has always been a good friend of the Girl Scouts as well as of the Boy Scouts. So when we asked him to give us a Swimming Page, each month this summer in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, he said, "Of course, I will. I like the Girl Scouts and I am proud of them, too. So many of them have become Junior Life Savers and are doing valiant work in the Girl Scout camps. And let me be Neptune in your magazine, just as I am in the water pageant, wherever I go."



Commodore Longfellow

So as Neptune, Commodore Longfellow is now introduced to our readers. And as Neptune he will talk swimming with you. But before we tell you what "Neptune Says" this month, we must add something which Commodore Longfellow has told us by no means to forget.

He will be pleased to answer any of your questions about swimming or Life Saving if you will mail them to him, in care of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Neptune says:

I always enjoy visiting the Girl Scout camps because I have found that the Girl Scouts as well as the Boy Scouts, have the motto: Every Scout a swimmer. I am very proud, too, of the large number of Junior Life Savers which you now have among the Girl Scouts. That is splendid. Many Girl Scouts have earned their Junior Life Saving emblems during the winter just past. Some of you, however, have not been able to do so because no pool has been available for you. Do not be discouraged. Start now and make up your mind to be a Junior Life Saver before the summer is over. How can you become one? Certain requirements have been very carefully worked out and published by the American Red Cross. Write for Bulletin 1004 to The American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., or to any local Red Cross Headquarters.

But about swimming. I hope that every Girl Scout who is near water will be a swimmer before the summer is over, knowing the swimming game. For the game of learning to swim is like any other game. You must know the rules first. If you observe the rules of water safety, you will always be able to swim and come back.

People cannot live in the water. They are so constructed that it is impossible for them to stay in the water even in warm weather for a long period at a time. Many girls think they can stay in all day without harm. But this is not true. Much harm can be done, too, to bathers on our large public beaches by the custom of going in the water for a short time, coming out, getting dry in the sun, then returning again and again to the water. The tax on the heating system of the body when this is done, is great and if the bather eats many things as candy, popcorn, pickles, or if she drinks soda water between times, as

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NEPTUNE SAYS:

One bugle is enough to call Scouts in swimming, but five bugles are not too many to call them out

This Side of Your Tent Mirror

You invited her to come again to "The American Girl", so here she is—our Fashion Lady

By CAMILLE DAVIED

A' IN tent inspection again for Bobs and Mary. I don't see how you do it. Beanie dropped the basket of vegetables and slumped her plump little self in a lugubrious heap beside them. "Even after I've worked myself to skin and bones—well, I would work myself to skin and bones if I didn't eat a lot to make up for it," she explained ingenuously. "I think our tent looks just elegant, and then I get a 'B' for not having the water pitcher filled. But I'm cursed with hard luck anyhow. When I have to cook we always have peas."

"You'd better get them shelled before the patrol gets back for dinner," Bobs answered practically, as she struck a match to the fire and then stood back to watch it blaze up under the soup kettle.

"Well, how do you do it?"

"Do what?" Mollie came up with an armful of firewood.

"How do Bobs and Mary get 'A' in tent inspection every day?"

"By reason of our skill and diligence, of course." This modestly from Bobs.

"Tisn't at all," Molly grinned. "It's on account of Mary. Bobs puts Mary in front of their tent and the inspector is so fascinated she gives them 'A' without seeing anything else—"

"For she's so easy to look at,
She's so easy to look at,
For she's so easy to look at
They ne-e-ver lo-o-k elsewhere."

Mollie broke off her solo to dodge a pea from Bobs.

"But that's something really worth talking about," she went on, "Mary's good looks."

"If Mary wasn't the best sport in the patrol, I'd say it was positively reprehensible to be so good looking. I've made a new song to her. It has an elegant pun in it—"

"What makes them peer at Mary so?"
The envious campers cried.
'Cause Mary 'pears so well, you know,'
Her tent mate quick replied."

"Nothing could be more reprehensible than your elegant puns," Molly persisted. "I really want to know. It's not that Mary's a ravin' beauty. She's not. Her nose is crooked and her hair is just ordinary brown. Of course, she has a clear skin and she does hold herself well. But you've been tenting with Mary all summer, Bobs—what's the secret of her fatal beauty?"

"It's a strange story," Bobs said mysteriously, brandishing a long spoon over the soup.

"Gather round while the kettle boils and I'll tell you."

"Mary used to be an ordinary person in camp just like you and me. There were times when she didn't even pass

inspection. She wilted under the ignominy like a blighted lily. Then she heard something that changed the course of her whole life—something so simple she marvelled she hadn't

thought of it before. She was going on a hike and Miss Briggs said it to her. It was this—"Bobs paused dramatically, and Molly and Beanie waited breathlessly.

"These are the magic words: 'You can go a long way on a pocket comb, a tooth-brush and a nail file.'"

"Oh, lollipop, Miss Briggs says that on every hike, and it hasn't made me into a Lady Clare Vere de Vere," Beanie sniffed.

"Well, Mary uses hers. That's the difference," Roberta said sweetly.

And that's the moral of the story, as they used to say in the books in the Sunday School library.

"It's not that I mind so much how I look in camp, but I do hate to be such a freak when I come back home," one Girl Scout wrote last week. And that, of course, was just the trouble. If your finger nails are broken and uncared for all summer, they aren't likely to reward you by being pink and lovely when you go to a birthday party the first night you are home. And if you give your hair only a lick and a promise in July and August, it won't lie smooth and shining after one brushing in the fall.

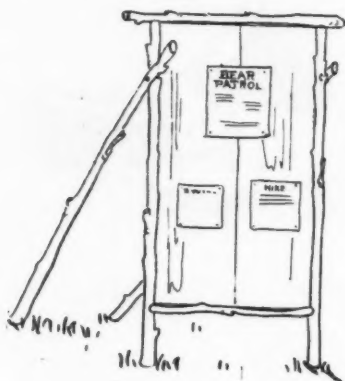
And then, just between you and me, one of the reasons why every one likes the Marys of our patrols is because they're so good to look at. Just think for a minute over all the girls who really are good sports, whom you do so much admire. Aren't they usually the ones whose middies are fresh and whose ties are pressed and who are ready for anything? Perhaps they're trim because they're good sports, or perhaps they're good sports because they're trim—it's easier not to crab in a clean blouse than in a mussed one.

Alert and smiling, clear-eyed, clear-skinned, like a fresh breeze—so we picture a Girl Scout. We keep her in the back of our minds as an ideal to be lived up to.

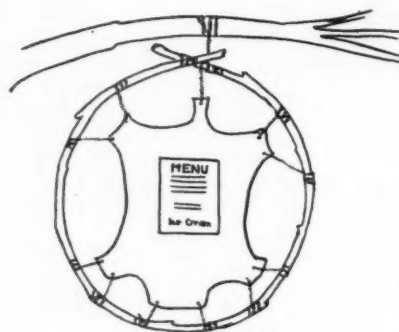
But when we get to the woods it is such a relief to get away from pavements and petticoats that we're like to throw aside our city manners with our city clothes and be regular savages. Then we come back to civilization with peeled noses and wild hair and sore fingers and perhaps a trip to the dentist before

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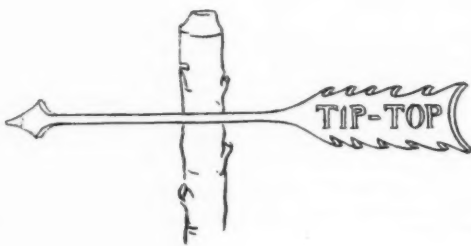


A STANDING BULLETIN BOARD. *Left—Use two one inch boards about four feet long and as wide as necessary. Nail two cleats across the back to hold the boards together. Nail a frame of branches around the boards. Use nails that are one inch longer than the thickness of the branches. Trim off the smaller branches neatly. For the braces, use two straight branches, that are long enough to extend into the ground. Nail these securely.*

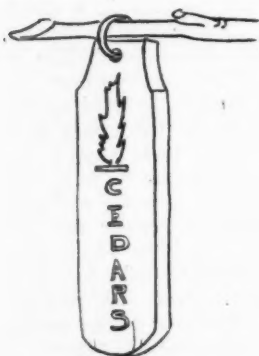


ANOTHER HANGING BULLETIN BOARD. *Above—Lay the skin on the ground and bend a branch to form a circle. With cord, lash the ends of the branch together. Then tie the skin to the frame as shown. This bulletin board is appropriate either for your whole camp or for your patrol.*

A PATROL SIGN. *Right—This arrow is made of a piece of board about three feet long, one inch thick, and four inches wide. The board should be without cracks and of soft wood. Mark your design carefully upon it and proceed with your hand axe. The letters are cut from sheet lead and tacked on with copper tacks. The point of the arrow is covered with white lead.*



A SYMBOL SIGN. *Below—Split a six inch log, using the center to make a camp sign like this. Cut letters and your symbol out of sheet lead and tack on with copper tacks. Bore a hole for hanging.*

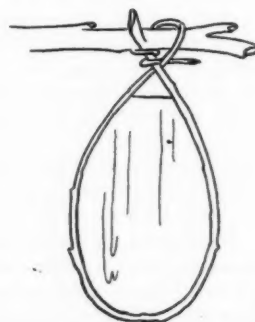


Make these artistic bulletin boards and signs for your camp, this summer. Take them home for your patrol corners, next fall. If you cannot obtain the materials mentioned, show your resourcefulness by making your signs and bulletin boards from what you can get.

Rustic Bulletin Boards and Signs

By JAMES Y. RIPPIN

A HANGING BULLETIN BOARD. *Below—With your hand axe, shape a piece of board to look like a snowshoe. Bend a branch to form the frame, nailing it to the board with long nails. This branch should be sufficiently long to form a loop by which to hang your bulletin board.*





Our Outdoor Cooking Page

A camp crane every outdoor girl should know how to build, and delectable dishes you can cook with it

Cross stick pot-hanger or camp crane

By CHARLES F. SMITH

THESE Girl Scouts of Cleveland, Ohio have made an excellent Cross Stick Pot-Hanger or Camp Crane. It should be used when more than one pot is to be hung over an open fire. Select for the cross stick (also called a waugen-stick, lug-pole, or lug-stick), a piece of stiff green wood about as thick as a broom stick. For their uprights, instead of using forked sticks, try splitting straight sticks (a method which answers your purpose fully as well). The use of forked sticks often causes the destruction of young trees and so, is destructive forestry. Girl Scouts stand for conservation of Nature's trees, flowers, and other lovely things.

Woods for your uprights. The following woods are good for the cleft sticks because they do not split readily: buckeye, elm, gum, cherry, maple, tupelo, hemlock, locust, sycamore. Saplings do not split as easily as mature branches. If lumber or seasoned wood that splits easily is used, drive a second upright a little below and alongside the first one, and let the cross stick rest upon it.

How to make pothooks

Pothooks are known by many names, including pot-claws, pot-chips, gib-hooks, gallow-crooks, hakes, and trammels.

Pothook No. 1. (The pothooks are numbered from left to right.) The first pothook has much to recommend it because it is made without the use of a forked stick. To make it, select a green stick, of the length required and bore holes at each end at an angle, as illustrated. Fit wooden pegs into these holes.

Pothook No. 2. Notice that the hook and notch are on the same side of the main stock. This is illustrated with a notch cut on the other side of the stick.

Pothook No. 3. The upper part of this hook is made by drilling a hole through the main stick and passing through it the end, which is shaved down to the bark.

A split may be used instead of a hole, if you have no borer on your knife.

Pothook No. 4. This is made by cutting two forked sticks, as illustrated, and nailing or lashing them together with a piece of bark, root, twine, or wire. This is an interesting piece of handicraft but has not so much to recommend it as a pothook as have the others.

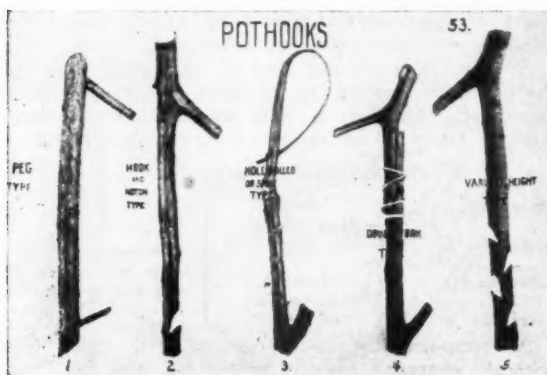
Pothook No. 5. This is an excellent form of pothook. It may be used for hanging a pot at different heights as when a dish is completely cooked and must be kept warm.

Cooking with your camp crane

SCOUT RICE. (Sent by Harriet L. Juhre, Commissioner, St. Paul, Minnesota.) The fire which you build with your Camp Crane is just the thing for making chowder or soup. The following recipe is one popular with the Girl Scouts in our part of the country. The materials mentioned are in amounts suitable for patrols of eight:

Three tablespoons fat (bacon drippings may be used), one cup rice, three cups boiling water, two cups tomato puree (tomatoes, onions and seasoning cooked together), one teaspoon salt, one quarter pound of cheese. Wash rice in cold water, warm it in melted fat, add boiling water, cook in a double boiler until water is absorbed, then add tomato, and stir into this the grated cheese. This is a well balanced meal in itself.

YELLOWSTONE. Wash equal parts of dried apricots, prunes, and peaches (about one cup of each.) Cover with cold water and simmer until fruit is tender. This can be used as a desert or as a spread for bread.



Five types of pothooks for your crane



Cleveland Girl Scouts and a camp crane they built

Who Can Be Slap-the-Duck Champion?

Try these duel contests in your camp, with the finals at your camp-fire. They are popular party games, too

By CHARLES F. SMITH

From Mr. Smith's book "Games and Recreational Methods" (Dodd, Mead & Company)

Slap-the-Duck

THE contestants take starting positions as illustrated. The object of the slapper A is to slap the face of B, who chooses her own time to quickly duck down and up through the outstretched hands of A. The slapper is given five chances to hit the duck, then they exchange and B acts as slapper. The one who succeeds in hitting oftenest wins. It looks easy, but much to the amusement of the spectators, the striker rarely hits. The leader must caution the striker to stand with arms outstretched and head back to avoid being bumped in the head when the duck suddenly raises herself up.

Talk Test

The two contestants face each other and upon the word, "Go," start talking. Sometimes the subject upon which they are to talk is previously announced. When this is done, the contestants usually make speeches. So it is funnier not to announce the subject but simply to tell them to talk continuously at each other on any subject they please. The time limit is usually sixty seconds. The rules are: 1. Talk so that spectators can hear. 2. Do not use hands when talking. 3. Carry on as much conversation as possible with more non-sense than sense. 4. All spectators participate in selecting the winner.

A Laughing Contest is similar to a Talk Test. It is an excellent first number for the humorous part of a camp-fire program, for everybody joins in the laughing. The contestants stand and laugh continuously for sixty seconds. The one who produces the greater variety and volume of laugh wins. The spectators act as a jury in selecting the winner.

If you wish to have a Slap-the-Duck or Talk Test



Slap-the-Duck



Talk Test

contest for champion in your camp, at camp-fire, every one should play the two games during the day. And try-outs should be held in order to choose just which girl is to represent each tent in the finals.

A certain time should be set in the morning (immediately after rest hour, for instance) when each tent leader shall conduct the preliminary trials. Each girl is shown just how to play each game, according to the directions given on this page. Every girl in each tent who is most successful in playing each game will be the one to compete for the championship and, perhaps, to bring the final glory to her group.

The following is a way in which these try-outs may be arranged so that each girl has her opportunity. Suppose there are eight members in the group. Pair them off and simultaneously conduct four contests. Next, divide the plays into two groups: Winners and Losers.

Winner Class

Winner No. 1	}	Winner	}	Winner Champion who will represent the tent at camp-fire
vs.		Semi-finalist		
Winner No. 2	}	of these		
vs.		Winner		
Winner No. 3	}	Semi-finalist		
vs.		of these		
Winner No. 4	}			
vs.				

At camp-fire, the tent champions compete against each other to determine the Camp Champion.

A second very amusing kind of "champion" contest is the Champ-Nit contest, to see which girl in camp is the star loser. The tent try-outs are conducted as above, with the losers in each instance being the ones selected.

Loser Class

Loser No. 1	}	Loser	}	Loser "Champ-nit" who will represent the tent at camp-fire
vs.		Semi-finalist		
Loser No. 2	}	of these		
vs.		Loser		
Loser No. 3	}	Semi-finalist		
vs.		of these		
Loser No. 4	}			
vs.				

At camp-fire, the losers compete with each other, with the champion loser being the girl who has "lost" most times.

OUR PUZZLE-PACK

The Star Puzzle

THE starry skies seem to have an attraction for Puzzle Jack and his friend (You are going to send us her name). Puzzle Jack has read quite a good deal in the Girl Scouts' Handbook about the stars and it also seems that our little puzzling Miss has an astronomy book all her own.

The name of a most important constellation has been worked out by Puzzle Jack in the form of a puzzle sum on the wall before him. And by adding and subtracting the various things you will get the name of this group of stars.

Puzzle Jack has trouble finding the stars but we are sure the minds of our Girl Scout reader-puzzlists are not so cloudy as his telescope. If you hunt around, you will also find hidden in the picture the portrait of the one after whom the constellation was named. The night is clear and beautiful, the lamp-post gives a pretty good light, so you ought to do this easily.

Next month, Puzzle Jack will give you the answer to this puzzle.

A Flower Puzzle

By CAROL C. FULLER, age 14,
Troop 107, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
My first is in Vienna but not in Philadelphia,
My second is in Philadelphia but not in New York,
My third is in New York but not in Elizabeth,
My fourth is in Elizabeth but not in Trenton,
My fifth is in Trenton but not in Boston,
My last is in Boston but not in Chicago,
My whole is a spring flower found in the woods.

First Bird Puzzle

By CAROL CADY, age 14,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the seven following words, seven new words will be formed and the seven added letters will spell the name of a brilliantly colored bird familiar to every one.
ail, corn, it, cock, all, one, ace.

Second Bird Puzzle

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY
I'm a merry little fellow,

With a coat of sunny yellow
And a jaunty cap of black upon my head.

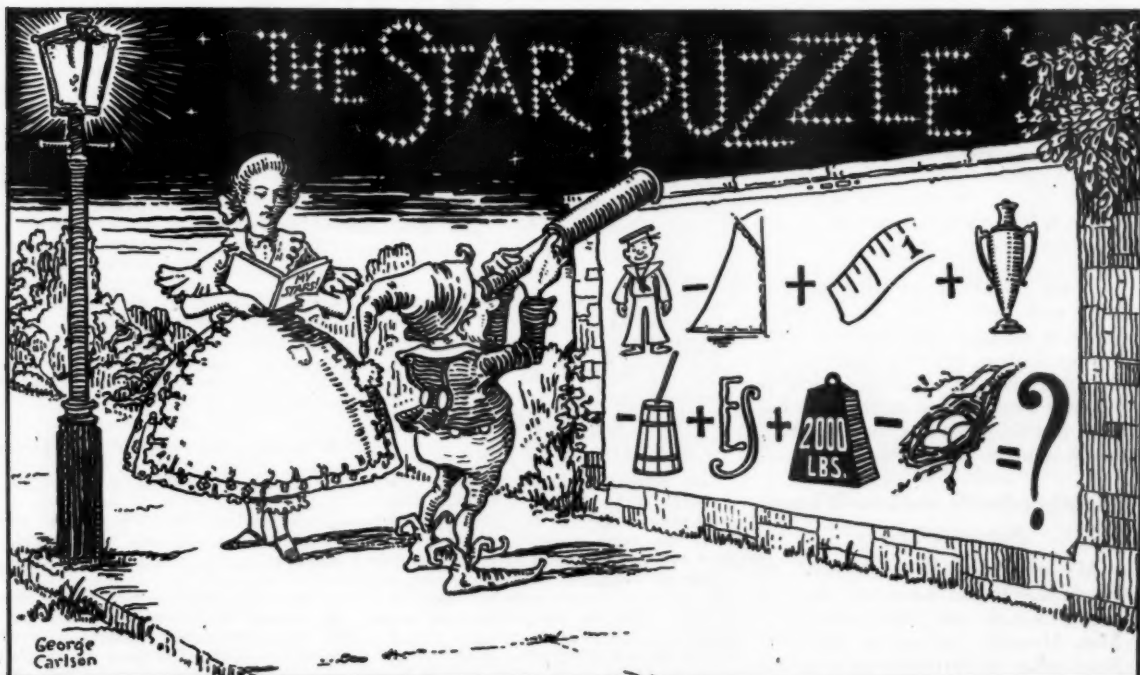
My song's a cheery whistle
As I tilt upon a thistle,
Gathering seeds or softest down to line my bed,
Over meadows near and far,
For we care not where we are,
Many friends with me will flutter
While our chatty notes we utter
As we hunt the thistle seed on which we're fed.

The Answers to Last Month's Puzzles

THE CAMPERS' PUZZLE: Tent, cot, blanket, lantern, plate, cup, knife, fork, spoon, pail, pan, soap, first aid kit, poncho, rope. In the picture one camper's head was hidden upside down above the camp and the other was above the Girl's left shoulder.

A FLOWER CHARADE: Jack-in-the-pulpit.

Send us your own puzzles. "Make some up" in your troop meeting or at home with your father and mother or brothers and sisters. Try to have them as scouty as possible.





[1] ABOVE—Where Nature is at her loveliest thousands of Girl Scouts are enjoying life in the out-of-doors

[2] BELOW—A Girl Scout's camp is her very own, for in "Kamp Kapers" she takes part in the daily work



[3] BELOW—Girl Scouts in camp learn to care for themselves. Each girl's tent and clothing must be ship-shape

[4] RIGHT—Eat? We do! We often cook our own good camp food, too; in some camps every meal.



Around the Clock

Here is help for your own snapshots
picture as numbered with what

"How charming!" said Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, the famous photographer, when we showed her the pictures on these pages. Mrs. Beals, as you know, is presenting the prizes in our Camera Contest, three of her lovely camera studies.)

"But why are they good, Mrs. Beals, and how could they be made even better?" we said. "Will you point out for our Girl Scout readers some simple points in picture taking that will help them with this year's photography?"

She looked more closely, and this is what she said:

1. "A charming little photograph—really a picture. (You know, there is a distinction.) Having the tree, the main point of interest, at one side is more artistic than if it were in the centre. The eye rests on that, and led by the curved line of the shore, passes over to the left."

2. "A good story telling picture. But wouldn't girls naturally prepare vegetables sitting on something, if only a rock, a basket or a piece of wood? In spite of this, it looks natural, however."

3. "It is under-exposed. This is shown by lack of lighting on the faces. But the positions are interesting and the story is well told."



Girl Scout Camps

in snapshots. Compare carefully each
with Mrs. Beals says about it

- Beals, 4. "Interesting. Everybody is attending to her business and as a result the picture doesn't look a bit posed."
5. "This negative is under-timed, but the composition is excellent. If the film were intensified, the print would be better. 'Intensified?' It is simple and should be learned."
6. "A clever picture—well timed, well arranged and well focused. They are forming the camp letter, aren't they? This would make a fine enlargement. The bit of tree and shore at the right adds interest by giving it a third dimension. It would have been flat, otherwise."
7. "This is an interesting experiment. It is not perfectly focused, but that is not so important in a night picture, where detail doesn't matter so much. Next time, tell them to try a flashlight picture with the group in front of the fire and their backs to the camera. They will get black silhouettes with a real picture of the camp-fire."
8. "Different lighting would make this better. Here the figures are lost in the middle foreground. And would they sleep in such a rocky, exposed place? Tell your girls always to pose subjects in natural positions and localities."



[6] ABOVE—"Every Scout a swimmer" is an ambition nearly realized in our camps. Good ones, too, for many are Junior Life Savers

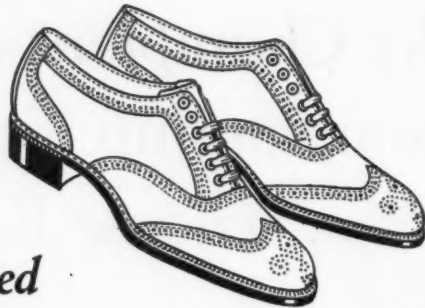
[7] BELOW—And last, the group around the camp-fire. Stories, songs, dramatics and an often drowsy "good night"



[5] LEFT—We know Nature as our friend—intimately. Many hours in camp are given over to Nature study

[8] BELOW — Over night hikes to a lovely spot where girls first learn to know the beauty of night and dawn





Noted
Orthopedic Surgeons Endorse
SOROSIS Girl Scout Shoes

SOROSIS Girl Scout shoes possess style, high grade materials and workmanship. And in addition they conform to the scientific principles of foot health that have won them the endorsement of leading orthopedic surgeons.

These noted doctors endorse Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes because of inbuilt qualities produced by Sorosis' 25 years of shoemaking experience. These shoes are built to fit the natural shape of the foot with straight lines on the inner sides. They are comfortably snug in heel and roomy in the toes. At last your toes can work in a shoe that is stylish. They are stout

enough for hiking yet flexible enough for foot exercise.

And these shoes are stylish, too, fashioned to please the fastidious taste of Girl Scouts.

They are moderate in price. Tan Grain Calfskin \$8.00. Imported Scotch Grain Calfskin, Waterproof Soles \$9.50.

Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes can be had—at moderate prices—direct by mail from 449 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Look for Girl Scout trefoil trade mark on sole of shoe.



SOROSIS GIRL SCOUT SHOES

For Your Camp Library

Invaluable suggestions for camp programs, as well as complete directions for production. Stunts around the camp-fire, plays, games, parties, rallies—all can be found in

PRODUCING AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS

by HELEN FERRIS

Send \$2.50 to

National Headquarters

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City

"I couldn't do without it"
say many Girl Scout Leaders

Get acquainted with "The American Girl"—5 months for 50 cents

(Continued from page 25)

dress and rose silk jersey and a small fat boy in a very dirty white suit. They were Myrtle and Benjamin! Myrtle walked quickly, almost at a running pace, jerking her brother along behind her. Linda had started up when she saw them and met them half way. Myrtle was flushed and excited.

"Linda, I came right over the minute I found Benny. I sent him with a note to you this morning, and told him he could go on to Aunt Hetty's for his dinner, and to be back at four for some ice cream. He didn't come, and when I phoned, Aunt Hetty said he hadn't been there at all. I—I was having a party. That's why I sent Benny up with the note. I kept looking for you all the afternoon, Linda, I wanted you so! I've never had a party without you before!"

Myrtle was so eager and cross and hot that she did not see Miss Huntington at all. She just put both arms around Linda and hugged her, and almost without knowing what she did, Linda said, "I know, I came to see you. I thought we could have one of our old afternoons, just the two of us—and I saw them all there and came away."

"Oh, Linda!" There were tears now chasing themselves down Myrtle's face. She gave Benny a sudden shake. "He followed the organ grinder man. I found him way down on the railroad track, eating a big piece of bread and sugar. He said the organ grinder man gave it to him. He's a sight, but I made him come right along just as he is. The note is in his pocket. I've told him he must give it to you, just as he should have done this morning. He's a very naughty boy and I don't know what mother will say or do," Myrtle paused impressively.

Benny fished into his pocket and drew out a torn dirty piece of twisted paper which he handed to Linda. He was subdued but not unhappy. His day had been satisfactory. "That there monkey's awful old. Maybe I can buy it when the man gets a new one," he volunteered, looking up solemnly at Linda, his round blue eyes unclouded by remorse.

Linda took the note and then turned, her arm linked in Myrtle's, drawing her across the lawn towards the table under the cherry tree.

"Linda, who is it—what?" Myrtle began.

Linda introduced her old friend to her new one.

A friendly round moon appeared and the sky was ablaze with silver twinkles before "The party went home," as Benny remarked. Linda read the note when she went into the house to make some lemonade, accompanied by Benny, who related to her all his adventures of the day. The note was hastily scribbled on a piece of copy book paper:

"Dear Linda:

I'm having a porch party this afternoon. Mother baked a cake before she left, and I'm making raspberry ice. Do come early and stay on to supper. I've been thinking a lot about our not seeing enough of each other.

Myrtle."

(Continued on page 39)

More Campers I Have Known

(Continued from page 11)

hard to discipline at times." Can't you imagine her right in your troop? So her Captain took "Bee" aside before she went to camp the first time and told her she hoped that "she would go into camp life with the idea of taking things as they came along." The Captain made more of an impression than she realized for Bee and the three girls who came to camp with her from her troop found that nothing would or could go wrong in their patrol! When any one else was grumpy, they fell in. Their camp happened to be a new one and the camp director was having troubles of her own with a cross cook. And that means real trouble, with sixty hungry Scouts in tow!

This camp director told me, as I remarked on this indefatigable and good-spirited group, that they had proven the backbone of the camp! And "Bee" was their leader.

I shan't forget for a long time the story she told me, with mingled wonder and sympathy, about a girl who came to camp at the age of twelve so helpless that she couldn't take care of her own hair. (Which was long! Need I say this happened several years ago?) She had always had a nursemaid to look after her and this was her first opportunity to be out on her own. Her father thought she ought to go to camp and her mother thought she oughtn't—but, anyway, there the poor girl was! It was with a mingling of surprise and sympathy that the girls heard her say one rainy day as

she was playing jacks on the recreation shack floor, "I never did this before I came to camp. I'd give up my eye if I could do it at home." "Why don't you?" some one asked. "Well, Mam'selle won't let me because it will spoil my finger nails!" Tough luck, the rest thought. But with a sensible father enthusiastic over camp, she learned—and came back a "regular" the next year.

One of the best groups of campers I ever knew came from an Orphanage. There were nine of them and they had never been camping before. They were used to regularity of living and to getting along with other girls and found it easy to adjust themselves to camp life. I can see them indulging in a flapjack contest! Have you ever tried to flip a flapjack in the skillet? In other words, turn it without a knife by a simple twist of the wrist. Well, Mary learned to do that and promptly wanted flapjacks for every hike!

It must have been a year later that with a number of visitors, I was invited to another Orphanage in the same town. Two girls were to take each guest to dinner. Mary and a friend came up to me and we had a camp re-union right then! I was surprised to see her there, but she had been transferred; it seemed shortly after the close of camp. Of course, she immediately begged me to start a troop there. It seems that she had asked for a troop but had not as yet been able to have it. However, she told me that she used to take her group of

girls down through the back lot to the barn when they had free time. There they would walk single file and pretend that they were a Girl Scout troop on a hike in thick woods! She had left her Scout manual at the first Orphanage so she had nothing except her memory to depend on, but she had been able to teach seven other girls the Scout laws and to regale them with camp stories. Girls in this Orphanage attended a public school so it was possible to make arrangements with the superintendent of the Orphanage to let this "patrol" of girls make their dreams come true in the Scout troop in that public school.

Yes, our Girl Campers—and there were 25,000 of them last summer—are a mighty fine sort. I am mighty proud of you all and I hope that the time will come when every Girl Scout in the whole United States may have an opportunity to go to a Girl Scout camp if she wishes to do so. And I believe that this dream, too, will come true. Last year, our number of Scout camps doubled. More and more women are attending our National Campers' schools for leaders. More and more, Girl Scout Camp Committees are being organized.

Are you wishing and wishing for a Girl Scout camp? Talk with your Captain about it. Tell her to write to me with any questions she may have. National Headquarters has many plans for organizing camp committees, for starting camps. And nothing pleases me more than letters which say, "We wish to start a Girl Scout camp. What shall we do?"



For Yourself From Woman's Home Companion

THE bright SLAVIC TOUCH is very much to the front in SMOCKS and FROCKS. You want it of course!

Woman's Home Companion for July shows a charming example of this style and not only tells you where it can be bought but, better yet, puts you in the way of making it for yourself.

Material for the Azure-blue voile dress, here illustrated, No. 2233-A, ready stamped (one size suitable for 34 to 36 inch bust) including black and cardinal floss, chart and directions for making, can be had for only \$5.00. Address, Embroidery Department, care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Through Companion and the other Crowell magazines, you can earn the money to pay for your material. Ask your captain about it.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Woman's Home Companion
Collier's, The National Weekly
The Mentor

The American Magazine
Farm and Fireside

381 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Splash! And a water pageant swims into view. In August



There's Music in the Air!

Sunset! The song bird's evening melody—the rush of crystal water in the nearby brook—the splash of a defiant trout—the soft sighing of the wind in the tree-tops—the merry crackling of the fire—the appetizing aroma of fresh coffee and crisp bacon! And above it all the delightful strains of music from a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

There's nothing like good music in camp or on the trail; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50¢ up at all dealers.

Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 188, New York City.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Dear Girl Scouts:

Do you want to
go to the Camp
this summer?



We feel sure every one of you does, but we know also that some of us do not always have enough money for expenses.

Won't you let LIFE help you earn the extra money you will need?

Please write your name and address in the space below and mail to us at once.

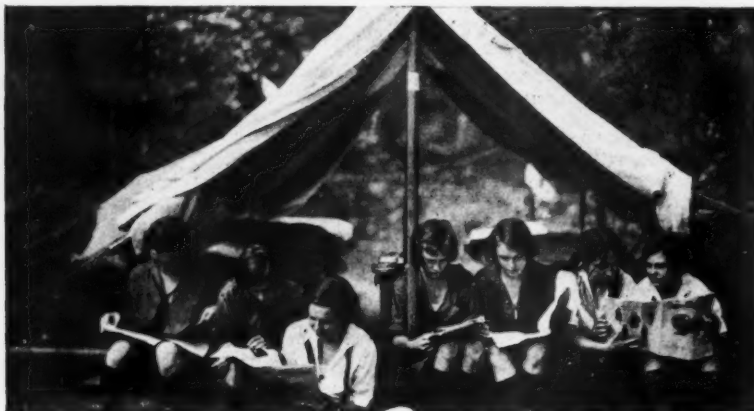
LIFE,
598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Please tell us about your plan for Girl Scouts to earn money.

Name

Address

Christmas pictures in July? Yes, we want them. Send them in.



"The American Girl" goes to camp, where it meets with a hearty reception

You may not realize

your amazing opportunity to put
your AMERICAN GIRL to work
for you in camp this summer

HAVE you plans for next fall that are almost possible of accomplishment, but that are far away because of a lack of a little extra money? Maybe you are an ambitious girl, already, looking ahead to a chosen profession. Perhaps you wish now to take a preliminary course in physical training, or music, an extra language or typewriting—subjects that will lay the foundation for the future. Perhaps you are going away to boarding school and are wishing for those little extras of clothing and equipment that will mean so much to your happiness, but which the family pocket-book does not allow.

To girls of ambition, energy and resourcefulness the Earn-Your-Own Club offers an amazing opportunity to obtain generous commissions on subscriptions secured in camp this summer.

An opportunity at camp

In camp many girls are together in one spot. School, exams, and the distractions of town and city life are far behind. There Scouting means most. There girls, approaching THE AMERICAN GIRL with keener consideration, will see it in its true value as an important part of Scouting and a delightful year round companion.

Let your magazine work for you

Give these girls the sample copies with which we will gladly supply you. Show them our circulars we will send you, telling of our plans for the future. Sign them up then and there as regular subscribers.

Join today

If you are not already a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club, join today. Fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page and send it in at once. In a short time you will receive your credentials of membership; the honor card appointing you a special American Girl Representative; the receipts for money received; subscription blanks; sample copies for use in your work of securing subscriptions; circulars to get girls interested in what is coming in our magazine; and special letters of help and instruction.

Experience not necessary

Even if you have had no experience you will find it easy, if you persevere. You will make this year's camp the best ever. You will have the personal satisfaction of knowing that you have not just sat and wished for things, but that you have helped shape your own life, that you have by your personal effort helped make your dreams come true.

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

DEAR EARN-YOUR-OWN CLUB:
189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

My name is.....

I wish to join in time for camp so that I may earn my own money there.

My address is.....

Puzzling Puzzles for Puzzlers—every month

Try This New Flower Finder Plan

(Continued from page 13)

a flower check list which contains the names of more than 200 flowers, giving their blooming date, the color of the flower, and the heights the plant usually grows. There are several pages which give outline drawings of each of the flowers named in the check list. Without much other help you will be able to identify most of your fifty or more flowers.

In the fourth place, begin to identify your flowers in the field and check them off on the check list. When you have made a good start on the list you can begin to select the twenty that you are to use for closer study. Each of these twenty, you should examine many times in different places and at different seasons of the year. Each time you look at them you will discover something new. They should become like old friends. You will probably desire to read up about these particular plants in the botany and flower books, but you should

try to learn as much as you can about them yourself and not depend upon the books too much.

In the fifth place, make your notes as neat as you can. Let them contain real information about your observations, when, where, and how they were made. Write them out on both sides of the loose leaf pages. You can obtain special outline drawings of the flowers given in the check list. These you can color with water colors or crayons and include in your notes. Doing this will help you greatly to remember the flower. Do your coloring from the living plant and not from books.

In the sixth and last place, try to store away in your memory as much general information as you can about plants. This means about plant families, that is the near relations of the members of your list and to see how similar plant cousins are; about the location and neighbors that a given plant has; how successful it is in getting along in very wet and

very dry seasons; how plants are dependent upon birds, cattle, moving objects, or the wind in spreading their seeds; their enemies and their means of defense against their enemies. All of this information will be of service to you in understanding the plant world and in making a good showing during your test.

You should work on your plant project, from time to time, from early spring until late fall in order to be able to complete your life studies and see your plants, if they are annuals, from the beginning to the end of their life.

In conclusion, since you have become acquainted with the Flower Finders project and find it not so hard to do provided one is willing to work, you may wish to take up one or two other studies so that your time in the field may be used to the greatest advantage. Perhaps you can start your work, at least, with the birds or the trees and shrubs or with others of the eight different fields, any three of which may be offered for the Rambler requirements.



That Candy Craving

Satisfy it with a delicious new kind of candy that means health

Porter's Natur-Trufoods are candy and yet they can be eaten freely, for they are natural foods. Luscious juicy fruits, pure honey and rich, crisp nuts give these delicious bars a flavorfulness unlike any other candy. And they cannot hurt the digestion for they contain *no refined sugar*.

For camp and hike

Girl Scouts will welcome this delicious new confection. So good for that camp candy appetite, such concentrated nourishment for your hike ration. A perfect food, yet candy. Order a package today for your troop. Try them before going to camp. Introduce them to your camp canteen. Get your camp director to stock them.

Sell them for your troop fund

Girl Scout troops may earn money by handling this candy on generous commission. Show this advertisement to your Captain. Get her to write today for full particulars. She will see how easy it

will be to get among your friends and families a line of regular customers who will re-order because they will find in Porter's Natur-Sweets a candy that will satisfy their natural candy cravings without hurting health.

Porter's Trufoods, Inc.,
159 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Kindly send me.....boxes of your Natur-Sweets
(Bars of Joy Nuggets?) as follows:

Cocoanut	Date-Nut	Fig-Nut
Honey	Chocolate	Assorted

(Cross out those not wanted)

I enclose \$.....

Name

Address

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LETTERS written in our own Camp Andree by our own Miss Moore ("Cookie") who gave Innisfree cabin its name—these you will find in this attractive book, *Hail, Girl Scouts*. Every one who has met Miss Moore and who has camped with her will be happy to have this book. And every one who has ever been in any Girl Scout camp, no matter where, will wish to have it, too, for in it is the very spirit of Girl Scout camping and of the out-of-doors. You will cook over an outdoor fire; you will unroll your poncho upon the ground; you will watch the birds and the trees about you—and you will smile more than once over the characteristic little drawings everywhere in the book. These illustrations were made by another English Guider, a friend of Miss Moore. *Hail, Girl Scouts* may be obtained from the National Supply Department (\$1.00).

RED CAPS AND LILIES
By Katharine Adams
(Macmillan)

And now, at the very time when we are all enjoying our own Katharine Adams story, *Linda's Afternoon*, we may have the added pleasure of reading her new book, just published, *Red Caps and Lilies*. Haven't you often wondered what it would have been like to live in other days and at other exciting times such as, say, in France at the time of the French Revolution? And to have known the girls, then? This story will pick you up on a magic carpet, put you down in France at that very time, and give you for friends Marie Josephine, to whom had been entrusted the important secret of the Concealed Cellar; her brother and sisters and friends; Dian, the brave shepherd whose quick wits brought him into Paris despite the many guards; Humphrey Trail who kidnapped Marie Josephine's brother in order to save him. And with them all, you will meet real adventure and daring. You will enjoy, too, Katharine Adams' other books, *Mehitable*, *Midsummer and Wisp* (Macmillan).

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
By Lewis Carroll
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

There are some books which we couldn't do without, in our libraries, books that no matter how old we get to be, we shall always go back to and always love. Alice is one of these. And this new edition is one which you will be proud and happy to possess.

THE WIND BOY
By Ethel Cook Eliot
(Doubleday, Page and Co.)

When we, you and I, read aloud to our younger brothers and sisters (and I hope you like to do it as well as I do) we like books that will interest us, too. For, tucked away down deep inside us, is still that something that enjoys a good fairy story, one with a mystery. Here is just such a story for boys and girls of ten, eleven, and twelve, the story of the Wind Boy whom Kay and Gentian found in the Clear Land. They wanted him for a playmate but he could never be happy until the Masker who frightened small children was found. But who was



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the Masker? And what was the Clear Land? You will know, if you read *The Wind Boy*.

MANUAL OF CAMPING

Edited by L. H. Weir for the Playground and Recreation Association of America

Every Girl Scout leader who in any way helps plan or direct a camp, every member of a Girl Scout Camp Committee will wish to have a copy of this invaluable manual, which is on sale in our National Supply Department. To see the subjects with which the various chapters deal is to be convinced of the book's excellence and worth: Camping in the United States, Selection of Camp Site, Equipment, Program Making, Leadership, etc. We wish to add that the facts and suggestions in this book were compiled after careful investigation of the kinds of camps in America, their locations, sanitation, and programs. Our own Camping Department was consulted and Girl Scout camps were visited, in the course of the investigation. You will find many Girl Scout pictures in this book, as well as pictures of other organizations.

THE CANDY COOK BOOK

By Alice Bradley
(Little, Brown and Co.)

Where is the Girl Scout who does not say, "Come on over and let's make candy"? But so often you wish to try making a new kind. What shall it be? Where can you find a recipe which you know is reliable? The answer is in this book by Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery. All recipes in it are reliable and clearly given. Any girl may use them with the materials and utensils found in her own home. Fudges, pulled candies, hard candies, fruit and gelatine candies—these and many other recipes are given.

"Neptune Says"

(Continued from page 14)

is often the case, the results are most unhealthful if not dangerous.

Camp swimming periods usually include a dip in the morning as an eye opener and general awakener; a morning swim which may last from twenty to forty-five minutes; and the afternoon swim which comes before the afternoon inspection and clean-up period before supper. These swims are best placed about two hours or more after breakfast and lunch and are so arranged to keep every one busy in the water until time to leave it.

The water is a good friend but a deadly enemy. So you see it pays to be real friends. Never fight it. Embrace it. Pull it to you in great armfuls, and you will make progress. But if you stir it up with your arms, it will splash back at you and choke you and keep you from going ahead. Try embracing the water, one armful at a time, and you will be swimming. This is one of Neptune's keys to the sea.

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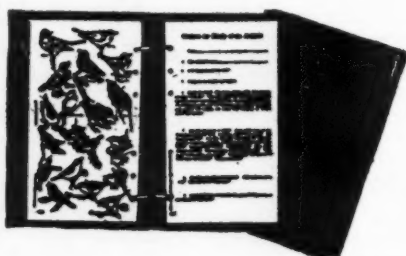
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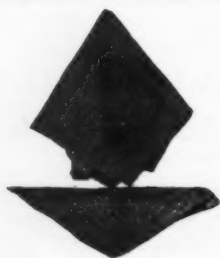
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**Who's Who in "The
 American Girl"**



HERE she is: Miss LOUISE M. PRICE, head of our National Camp Department. You can imagine how busy she is these days with all the Girl Scout camps that there are on her hands! But she is never too busy, she says, to answer your questions about camping. Many camps will be made happy, this summer, by a visit from Miss Price. Cincinnati tells us that Miss Price is their own, because she was once Local Director there. But she is ours, too, yours and mine because she is at National Headquarters. And every one knows that National Headquarters belongs to all of us. (And don't many of us own Troop Bricks in our new ones?)

We are very proud to have a story from KATHARINE ADAMS who is recognized as one of the best writers of stories for girls. Many of you have already enjoyed *Mehitable*, *Midsummer* and *Wisp*. (If you haven't read them, get them as soon as you can.) And now we all may read her brand-new book, *Red Caps and Lilies* (Macmillan). AGNES C. LEHMAN can draw just our kind of girls, can she not? Many other magazines are discovering this, too.

JESSIE TARBOX BEALS, who has given us the valuable suggestions for taking snapshots on pages 22 and 23, is a distinguished photographer in New York City. She is also generously acting as one of the Judges in our Camera Contest, the results of which will be announced next month. Look next month, too, for her beautiful portrait of John Burroughs.

ROSE FYLEMAN's poems are just the kind to take to camp or to read out in your garden, at home. And if you think you no longer believe in fairies, we rather think you will change your mind after reading her lovely poems about them. We are grateful for permission to publish *Summer Morning*, which is from her book, *Fairies and Chimneys*, copyrighted in 1920, by George H. Doran, publishers. She has written other books, too, which are: *The Fairy Flute*, *The Rainbow Cat*, *The Fairy Green*.

HELEN SNIPES made our cover this month as one of the designs submitted in the Girl Scout Poster Contest which you will remember was conducted last Fall by the Poster Magazine at the suggestion of Mr. Charles Matlack Price, well-known art critic. Miss Snipes won Honorable Mention in the contest and generously gave THE AMERICAN GIRL permission to use her design as a cover.

Could you defend treasure? Susan could and did

When our own Mrs. EDEY brought us a camp story, we knew that the nicest kind of illustrations would be those made by a Girl Scout. Mrs. Edey thought so, too. Which is just what happened. For CAROLINE SPALDING of Troop 7, Montclair, New Jersey drew the illustrations even though she was as busy as could be with other things. Thank you, Mrs. Edey and Caroline.

Mrs. BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY, our Girl Scout Naturalist, who is making fascinating new nature plans for us all is to spend her summer in various of our own camps. There she and the girls who are so fortunate as to be with her will ramble to their hearts' content and study the nature world about them. Next fall, Mrs. Cady and we will talk over these new plans and see just which we wish to keep as a permanent part of our Girl Scout program.

Many old friends are with us again this month: COMMODORE LONGFELLOW of the Life Saving Service of the American Red Cross, with his genial smile and his offer to help us in any way he can; CAMILLE DAVIED to whom many of you wrote in our Fashion Lady Contest and for whom you have been asking ever since; JAMES Y. RIPPIN who knows of any number of things which the girl with the clever hands can make; CHARLES F. SMITH who is still giving us good games to play and outdoor cooking hints from his new book, *Games and Recreation Methods* (Dodd, Mead and Co.); GEORGE CARLSON, author of *Peter Puzzlemaker* (John Martin) with his Puzzle Jack and that popular Puzzle Pack; and our serial friends, DR. AND MRS. KNIPE, who know how to keep our curiosity bubbling and sizzling!

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Tell them they may have
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This is our summer Get-Acquainted offer, open to every Girl Scout who has never taken the magazine. The story of Prudence, alone, will be worth fifty cents.

And there are many other features just as good appearing in the next five months. Girl Scouts taking advantage of this special offer now will come in for stories by

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Jane Abbott (our new serial)
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Elsie Singmaster

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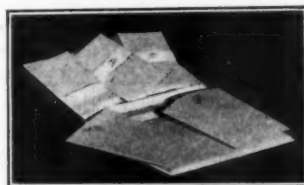
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A Patriot Maid

(Continued from page 8)

man to death, I've heard my grandfather say."

The boy turned to her a face so stupid with terror that at first it was scarce recognizable. "But I want to get in," Alexander Allen whimpered. "I can hide there from the Hessians. I must get in!"

"Have the Hessians come?" Susan Breakfasts seized upon this unwelcome news at once.

"Aye, they've set the torch to our house," the lad told her, "and I want to get in to hide."

"Did you not hear me tell you the bees were there?"

"Aye," Alexander nodded, "but I fear them not so much as I fear the Hessians. If I slip quietly behind the hives I may stay safely while they sting the Hessians to death."

Cyrus Midden was right. Even the mighty Alexander had his private fear.

"Alexander!" Susan Breakfasts could not resist saying, "it mazes me to hear you wish ill to the soldiers of good King George."

"Oh!" cried Alexander, "'tis Breakfasts Donne. I can't stop here." He started to run away but his sister, Phoebe, who was hurrying across the fields toward the farm house, called to stay him ere he was out of the door yard.

"We can't go home," she told him dully.

At once Susan Breakfasts saw that Phoebe was far from the stately Phoebe of yore. She had evidently crawled through more than one bramble patch. Her silky hair usually so carefully arranged, hung in untidy tails, her petticoat was torn where she had stumbled in it, and in her eyes was a look no one had seen there before, for it told of recent terror.

"I know we can't," Alexander answered her peevishly, "but there's the wood."

"I came that way." His sister looked toward the wood and shuddered. "I am sure I heard the soldiers beating through there as I burst into the open."

"Listen to me," Susan Breakfasts' tone was earnest. "If you will both help me, we can stay here safely. I know a way to keep the Hessians off."

"There's no way to keep them off!" Alexander cried. "We must all run somewhere."

"I can go no farther," Phoebe muttered. "This is but a little house. Perchance the Hessians will pass it by."

"Nay then," said Alexander, "that they'll not. I told one of them who knew some English of the money my father paid her grandfather, thinking they would go hunt it and leave our house in peace; but they stopped to plunder and when I escaped them I was so frightened I knew not which hand I turned nor whose farm it was I had come upon. That's why we must be off at once. All of us!"

"But we know not where to go," Phoebe protested.

"No place is safer than we can make this," Susan Breakfasts assured them anxiously, but neither of them heeded her.

"We might go to Gilly Martin's," Alexander took a step toward the gate.

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What other Girl Scouts can do—so can you. See page 28

"Go then!" cried Susan Breakfasts, "and you are like to regret it. They will visit Farmer Martin's for his flock of fat geese, if for naught else." Then she appealed directly to Phoebe. "I'm none so brave, as well you know; but here I plan to stay. Will you stay with me, Phoebe?"

"I'm afraid to go and afraid to stay, and that's the truth," Phoebe said honestly. "Heard you not what Alex said of the information he gave the grenadiers?"

"Aye, I heard," Susan Breakfasts nodded, "and 'tis too late to mend that matter. They're bound to come here. But we'll be safe for all that if you'll but stay. I've found a way to beat even the Hessians!"

"Then I'll stay," Phoebe spoke with unnatural indifference, but Alexander was a boy again as he cried:

"And I'll stay too!"

Can you think of a way by which, without any weapons, two girls and a boy could keep an entire company of Hessians away from a house, thus saving themselves and the treasure as well? That is exactly what Susan's idea accomplished. Read about it in the next installment.

First Night in Camp

(Continued from page 10)

turning on and off his tail light, so obligingly, that watching him, she forgot to be afraid of June Bug. While she lay there holding her hand very still, so as not to disturb her two winged friends, she heard a new voice, and quite suddenly a shaft of silver light flowed through the opening at the head of her bed and spilled all over the floor.

"Where is the little homesick city girl?" said the silvery voice.

"Here," answered Bridgit, "only I'm not homesick any more, I have so many kind friends. Who are you?" she added timidly.

"I am a moonbeam," said the voice. "Look out. Down at the lakeside you thought the trees were black and ugly. Look out at them now." Bridgit sat up and looked out; the hillside was flooded with silver.

"How beautiful," she cried. "I wish mother could see you."

"She can," said the moonbeam, "only she has never looked. It will be for you to show her, when you go home." Just then there was a flash in the sky, and Bridgit heard far off a crisp voice call "Show her the stars—show her the stars—show—her—the—star-r-r-r-s" the voice trailed off behind the hills and Bridgit held her breath for fear she would miss one word. As the beautiful star shot out of sight, she heard a new sound, a soft lapping, splashing voice, off in the distance.

"Listen," it sang, "you were afraid of me tonight, but I am cool and clean. I will hold you gently while you lie on my bosom; come down in the morning and see how I shimmer in the first rays of the sun. Come and bathe,—come and bathe."

"Who is that," asked Bridgit, "the lake?"

"Yes," said the West Wind, "Are you afraid?"



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"No," whispered Bridgit, lying down and pulling the blankets about her, "not now."

"All is well, safely rest. God is nigh," sang a trumpet voice in her ear.

"Good night, dear friends," said Bridgit, drowsily, "I'll never be afraid again—and—I must show mother—the—stars. Are you there, dear Shad Bush?"

"Yes," answered the Shad Bush, brushing her leaves gently against the outside of the tent, "Go to sleep, little city girl, we are going to sing to you." Bridgit nestled down on her pillow, and as she drifted off to sleep, she heard all the night noises singing, oh, so softly:

*Good night, little city girl, go to sleep
Your friends of the nature-world, watch
will keep.*

*Moon and stars in a velvet sky
Fireflies, June-bugs passing by.
Soft winds blowing out of the West
Sleep, little city girl, take your rest.*

Have you shown the "The Golden Eaglet" in your town?

This is our own Girl Scout film and may be rented from National Headquarters. Let us send you a synopsis of it.

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Consult price list, pages 40-41.

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This Side of Your Tent Mirror

(Continued from page 15)

the winter is over. Worse than that, we have an uncomfortable feeling that the summer has gone wrong somewhere. After a while we realize that the way to enjoy being a savage is to take along some of the things we've learned in civilization. And we find, too, that gentle looks and gentle manners somehow hang together, and with them both go good pals, good Scouting and good fun.

Looking after one's self in camp, after all doesn't take much time. Be sure to pack a tube of cold cream in your suit case to rub on before you go to bed. It will help your skin stand those first days of sunshine, and will protect it from chapping when the cool days come in August. Of course, we don't want a lot of manicuring paraphernalia, but we do want a couple of minutes with a nail file every day, and remember to push down the cuticle with a towel when we wash our hands, to avoid the hangnails that come when the cuticle grows tight to the nails. Our hair, perhaps, won't need washing as frequently as when we are in a grimy city, but it will want shampooing after a dusty hike, and a daily brushing—well, if not the traditional hundred strokes, at least enough to keep it soft and shining.

Clean middies and fresh ties require some planning ahead unless we have an unlimited number of them, but if we wear a mussed blouse and no tie for our camp-fire or out-in-the-fields suppers—to go to the laundry when we come home—we can keep fresh ones for council fire and in camp. We wear our ties for decoration, and while there is nothing so jaunty as a smartly tied neckerchief, there is nothing quite so unpleasing as a draggled one. It's fun, too, to tuck in our long suffering suit case some strips of ribbon of the same shade as our ties for head bands. They give another bit of color to our uniform and hold our hair in place.

The test of a real camper is the morning after an overnight hike, when she wakes up, tumbled, crumpled and rumpled and creaking a little from having rolled out of her "hip hole." Then a good scrub at the brook, the willing little nail file, toothbrush and pocket comb, and she has a "shining morning face" to greet the sunrise.

We're likely to think in camp that just because we are out of doors and getting heaps of fresh air and exercise that we can eat most anything. Of course, we aren't so likely to get sick from over-eating, but we're just as likely to find our skin muddy and broken out. So let's have lots of fresh vegetables—lettuce and carrots and spinach and beans and corn and tomatoes—and quarts of cold water.

Do you remember how "Marmee" in *Little Women* used to call out after the girls as they left the house, "Have you clean pocket handkerchiefs, girls?" When you set out for camp this summer, listen carefully and a little breeze will sing out after you, "Don't forget your nail file and pocket comb and toothbrush, girls. They'll take you a long way."

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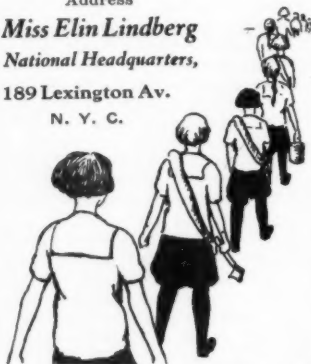
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THINK of camp without camp uniforms! Wouldn't it be higgledy-piggledy and dreadful? Just think back into home clothes your nice khaki, well-camouflaged-for-the-woods friends, clad in the discrete woodsy, fieldy color of their khaki middies and bloomers.

Of course camp would be as gay as an old-fashioned garden in bloom—pink gingham, green organdy, softly glowing wool sweaters, sport skirts that rival the zebra, floppy hats and saucy cloches each flaunting its own bright flower-garden.

High heels to trip late sleepers as they dash for colors (Yes, some Girl Scouts wear high heels in spite of their arches and vertebrae); loosely knit threads to pull and pucker fine knitting; bright hues to fade in the relentless camp sun; delicate fabrics to tear in ugly three cornered rents on eager, reaching branches; floppy hats to become battered in quick tumblings over fences and through thickets in quest of Nature's loveliest hidden treasures; belts to constrict and bind,—straps, buttons, ribbons, laces, collars, bows—all the things to take precious time.

Don't you sigh with relief when you think your camp back into the friendly camp uniforms? The roomy comfort of bloomers, the easy fit of a middy, their sturdiness and durability, the ease with which you can get dressed and keep tidy. You are not clothes conscious. You take no more thought of your clothes than an animal of its skin.

A halt by the roadside, and a cushiony clover scented grass plot. Plump down you go stretched out and relaxed for the moment. Up and on again. Do the grass stains show? A wee bit, perhaps, but not glaringly on practical khaki. (Suppose it had been your best white sport skirt?)

A chipmunk went into that thicket. Creep after him quietly and follow the flicker of his tail. Perhaps you can glimpse his home. Over the fence you roll and through the undergrowth you scurry. You can, because you are wearing your camp uniform.

Up under the eaves of the washhouse is a little nest delicately fashioned. You wish to examine at close hand the fine workmanship, the instinctive cleverness of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. Up the post you go, as quick as a monkey. You have on bloomers.

The crisp brazen notes of the bugle drag you out of a far away camp dreamland to wakefulness, colors, and breakfast. Dress in a hurry, keep up your tent's good record. It's not hard to be on time when clothes are so easy to slip into.

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdiA

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Linda's Afternoon

(Continued from page 26)

Linda stood very still by the kitchen table for a moment. How ready she had been to judge Myrtle and to sink into a sea of self-pity. She was thankful with a warm glow at her heart for all that the afternoon had taught her and brought her. She went to the ice chest and cracked some ice, and while she was mixing it with the sugar and lemon juice, Myrtle came into the kitchen.

"I came in to bring out the glasses. Isn't Miss Huntington lovely? Linda, she's going to paint your picture. Think of it! Isn't it wonderful?"

Linda turned and faced Myrtle, looking her straight in the eyes. "I thought you hadn't asked me, Myrtle. I went to see you this afternoon and I—I saw all the others there on the back porch—Miss Huntington found me under the oak tree." Linda's voice quivered over the last words, then she went bravely on, "I heard Cissy talking to one of the girls when I was out by the rose bush. She was saying how untidy I was—how careless—and suddenly I seemed to sort of wake up. That was why I wanted to see you and talk to you today."

Myrtle's blue eyes were full of tears. "I've been a mean old thing, Linda Marsh, but I should think you'd know I'd never have a party and leave you out. It will be different now, won't it, Linda? We'll help each other."

"Yes," Linda answered. "It'll be different now."

They went out together into the moonlit garden.

A group of girls stood before a picture at the end of a row of showings at an art exhibition in New York. It was a picture of a young girl whose white delicate face was framed in soft dark hair. She was standing with her back against an oak tree. She wore a simple grey frock, her hands were clasped before her and she seemed to be looking far off as though searching for something, a world of wistful dreaming in her eyes. There was the shadow of a smile about her mouth, and a dawning light in her eyes.

Cissy Holmes turned to Marjory Leonard, with whose Aunt they were spending a week in New York, "Who could ever imagine Linda Marsh looking like that!" she exclaimed.

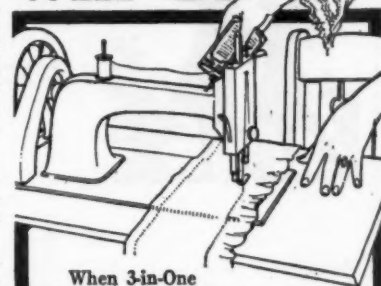
"She looks that way sometimes now, Cissy," Marjory answered.

"I should think you would have been the one Miss Huntington would have chosen to paint," went on Cissy, turning to Myrtle White, who, with Linda, was visiting the artist at her apartment in New York.

Myrtle did not answer. She was looking at the picture. She had learned a little of what that afternoon had meant to Linda. After a moment she said, "I'm glad it wasn't I she wanted to make a picture of. I'm glad it was my best friend instead."

The title inscribed to the number of the picture in the catalogue was "AWAKENING."

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Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective July 1, 1924



Uniforms

	Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50
	38-42	4.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50
	38-42	5.00
Skirt	10-18	2.00
	38-42	2.50
Bloomers	10-42	2.25
Knickers	10-42	2.50
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:		
<i>Khaki, light weight</i>	34-42	7.00
<i>Khaki, heavy weight</i>	34-42	\$15.00
<i>Serge</i>	34-42	37.50

	Size	Price
Hats, Officer's	7½-8	3.75
Hats, Scout.....	6½-8	1.50
Canvas Leggings, Pair.....		1.00
Web Belt	28-38	.60
	40-42	.75
Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50
Middy—Official khaki ..	10-40	1.75
Neckerchiefs, each40
Colors: Green, purple, dark		
blue, light blue, khaki, pale		
yellow, cardinal, black, and		
yellow.		

	Size	Price
Black Silk		\$2.00
Puttees, Women's sizes.....		3.00
Girls' sizes		2.00
Sweater—Slip-over type ..	10-14	6.50
	16-22	7.00
Coat type	10-14	7.50
	16-22	8.00
Waterproof Coats, sizes ..	10-20	7.50
	sizes 40-42	9.00
Waterproof Capes, sizes ..	10-20	7.50
	sizes 40-42	9.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars	
<i>Gold</i>	\$0.20
<i>Silver</i>15
x First Class Badge.....	.25
x Flower Crests15

x * Life Saving Crosses	
<i>Silver</i>	\$1.75
<i>Bronze</i>	1.50
x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00
x Proficiency Badges15

x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
x * Thanks Badge	
<i>Heavy gold plate with bar..</i>	3.00
<i>Gold Plate Pins.....</i>	.75
<i>Silver Plate</i>75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25
x Committee75
x * Community Service25
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50

x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50
x Tenderfoot Pins	
<i>10K Gold (safety catch)....</i>	3.00

<i>Gold Filled (safety catch)...</i>	\$0.75
<i>New plain type.....</i>	.15
<i>Old style plain pin.....</i>	.08

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15
x Corporal Chevron10
Cuff Links, pair.....	1.25

x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20
x Hat Insignia (for Captain's	
<i>hat)</i>50

x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15
First National Training School	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15

Girl Scout Songs	
<i>Vocal Booklet</i>	\$0.10
<i>Piano Edition</i>30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.03
Goodnight15
Hike Songs.....	.20

Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
<i>Piano edition</i>	\$0.60
<i>Midget Size</i>05
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.02
Onward10
To America25
Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

Size	American Flags	Material	Price
2x3 ft.	Wool		\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool		3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool		4.50
3x5 ft.	8½ inches		4.50

Size	(x) Troop Flags	Material	Price	Lettering
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50	10c	per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00	15c	"
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50	20c	"
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00	20c	"

	(x) Troop Flags (continued)	Price
Flag Set		\$1.25
Includes:		
1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed		
6-ft. Staff		
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		
web carrying case		
Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not		
jointed60	
Semaphore Flags (extra), per		
pair75	

	(x) Troop Pennants	Price
Lettered with any Troop No..		\$1.50
Staffs		
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral		
G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50	
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.		4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.		3.40
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60	
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50	
Spear Emblem—separate	1.50	
Flag Carrier.....	2.50	

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	\$0.15
Brownie Pamphlet15	In lots of 10 or more10
Brownie Report75	Post Cards—	
* Blue Book of Rules25	Set of six (Silhouette)10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	1 dozen sets	1.00
Campward Ho!75	Single cards02
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)20
First Aid Book—		Posters—	
General Edition50	Girl Scout poster (large)20
Woman's Edition25	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Health Record Books, each10	Single copies, each	1.00
Per dozen	1.00	Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris ..	2.50
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Signal Charts15
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Lots of 10 or more10
English Girl Guide75	Scout Laws	
Home Service Booklet, each10	Poster size50
Per dozen	1.00	Small size15
* Introductory Training Course15	Postcard size05
Measurement Cards05	Scout Mastership	1.50
Ye Andrée Logge75	Troop Management Course75
A Girl Scout Pageant50	Troop Register	2.00
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.		Additional Sheets	
Patrol Register, each15	Individual Record03
Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Field Note Book size01
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Attendance Record03
		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Braid— $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, yard10	Rope, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	Lots of 5 or more, each10
100—6 1 to set—dozen sets	2.75	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Tin	1.50	Aluminum Case50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Scout Stickers, per dozen05
Cuts—		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Running Girl	1.00	Sun Watch	1.25
Trefoil75	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Thread, Khaki spool15
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	Per dozen spools	1.20
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.50	Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Long Coat Uniform65
Large size	1.65	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		1 Pair Lapels	
Linen40	1 Spool of Thread	
Cotton25	1 Set of Buttons	
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	Two Piece Uniform80
No. 2	1.50	1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	1 Skirt Pattern	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Pair Lapels	
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide55	1 Spool of Thread	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	1 Set of Buttons	
No. 2	1.00	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Whistles30
Mirror—Unbreakable25	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Along the Editor's Trail



WHEN the Girl Scout told me this story, I at once felt that it belonged with the Fourth of July. And I believe you will think so, too, when you have heard it.

Do you remember how, last month, along the Editor's Trail, we talked of the work which Girl Scouts everywhere are going to do this summer in protecting the wild flowers of America? The Girl Scout of our story read that page and—but that is what we have to tell you.

This Girl Scout loves to ramble with her family on Sunday afternoons. Perhaps your family does it, too (mine does)—going out, all together, into the woods, strolling along, standing still as still can be every so often to listen to the birds or to watch one twitting about, high up in the branches.

On this particular afternoon, this Girl Scout's family was jubilant because they had seen two bluebirds. Flashes of blue darting high across their path and off into a tree. All the family had stood breathless, in a small row, watching. Bluebirds! The Girl Scout wished troop meeting came next day, so that she might tell the girls.

But there was something else which made this Sunday afternoon ramble a delight. The flowers in the trees! White blossoms, lightly tinged with pink. Pink blossoms, which must have caught their color from the sunset. And dogwood blossoms delicately poised, like snow, on the dark branches. Quite as though they would float away upon the slightest breeze.

"Oh," breathed the Girl Scout, "wouldn't they look sweet in the big jar at home?" Then she remembered. THE AMERICAN GIRL had said that dogwood withers very quickly, so that when you pick it, as when you pick most wild flowers, you get very little enjoyment from it. And by picking it, you destroy next year's blossoms.

Yes, the Girl Scout remembered. "But we aren't far from home," she argued with herself. "Surely, it would n't wither before I got home. Besides, it's so abundant." *Abundant.* That was the very word in the wild flower pledge. It had said you might pick wild flowers if they were abundant.

But no. She wouldn't do it.

And she walked on. Then, at the very last turn of the path, there was another dogwood tree, leaning down so affectionately and tantalizingly to brush its blossoms across the Girl Scout's face. "Oh, I am going to take some home," she said. And she cut off a beautiful branch of dogwood.

Now, it is part of this family's rambles in that special woods to stop at the end of the path and watch the sunset. So, for a few moments, the Girl Scout quite forgot the dogwood in her hand. Then she looked down. It was beginning to wither! "Oh!" she cried, so very ruefully. "Perhaps it will revive in cold water," said her mother.

But by the time the family returned home, not only the lovely blossoms had fallen together disconsolately, but the fresh green leaves had drooped in the saddest manner! "Maybe dogwood blossoms are the kind that go to sleep at night," suggested the Girl Scout's father, seeing how very sad his daughter, as well as the flowers, was.

The Girl Scout shook her head. "I just have a feeling they aren't. You see, our Scout magazine said they would wither." And next morning, the branch was even more forlorn. "I wish I hadn't picked them," the Girl Scout said to her brother, as she threw out the blossoms. And not long after, when I met her in her city, she told me all about it.

Why is this a Fourth of July story? Before I answer that, let me tell you another. For these two stories belong together. In a city where there is always a large Fourth of July celebration, the Girl Scouts have this year been invited to join in the parade which is to end in one of the city parks. "And you may sing or do anything you like, when you finish," the Local Director was told, not long ago.

So, at a meeting of the Girl Scout leaders, they talked over their plans. Yes, they decided, it would be a splendid idea for all the Girl Scouts of the city to

join together in one lovely song. Then the Local Director said, "Do you know, I think the Fourth of July ought to mean more than just a celebration? I think it should mean service when it is in honor of the service our pioneers rendered to America."

The Captains said they thought so, too. Then the Local Director jumped to her feet. "I know!" she cried. "Let's plant a tree in the park, a remembrance tree. And sing our Tree Song."

"Yes!" agreed the Captains. So that is what that city's Girl Scout Fourth of July celebration is to be.

Shall not we too, have as part of our celebration an act of service rendered to our loved Outdoor America? A tree planted, a garden planted in a public square and faithfully tended. Or our pledge, publicly made, to "Enjoy, not destroy, the wild flowers." In your parade, your float may tell of our plan to protect the wild flowers.

For we are helping to make the America of tomorrow. Will that America be more or less beautiful because of us? Once, in honor of Flag Day, a great American, Franklin K. Lane, gave an address called *The Flag to the Citizen*.

The Flag to the Citizen

Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag—not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statue-maker, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the picture suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.



A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms nearly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.



Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.



Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.



A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

Where Custom Tailoring Tells On a Captain's Uniform

CAPTAINS, there are certain touches on a serge uniform that can be achieved only through Custom Tailoring—in a uniform made to conform to the lines of *your* figure. The snug fit of a shoulder, the trim set of a collar, the length of the sleeve, the hang of a skirt—these are the points that best tell whether a uniform was made to *your* measure, or to that of the average figure.

Ridabock *Custom Tailored* Uniforms meet these requirements. They are fashioned of finest olive drab serge, with all the touches that careful tailoring can give. For samples and prices

Write to
RIDABOCK & CO.

149-151 West 36th Street

New York City



When You Arrive in Camp

"YES, your patrol has the two tents by the spring. You know from last year. Just ten minutes before lunch. You'll have time to change into your uniform."

The big bus drives up! You are *at camp* again! But you are not truly in camp until you've changed into your camp uniform.

How good it seems to be clad once more, like all your troop mates, in the cool, loose garments that mean comfort and camp fun.

LEFT—The middy, worn with your uniform skirt makes an attractive change of camp costume

BELOW — Bloomers and middy, a happy combination for active outdoor girls, in other words Girl Scouts

Why is Your Uniform Ideal for Camp?

It is *comfortable*. It does not pull or bind you anywhere. It *permits ease of movement*; when wearing a camp uniform, you may walk, climb, jump, squeeze under fences and do all the things that make camp so delightful a place—things you cannot do in dresses.

It is *durable*. The hard flat weave of khaki does not snag or tear easily. It is *practical in color*; it blends with the landscape; it does not show dirt; it washes easily.

It is *official*; it is Scouty. It is *reasonable* in cost.

Prices

Bloomers . . . 10-42	\$2.25	Knickers 38-42	\$2.75
Middy 10-40	1.75	Skirt 10-18	2.00
Knickers 10-18	2.50	Skirt 38-42	2.50

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